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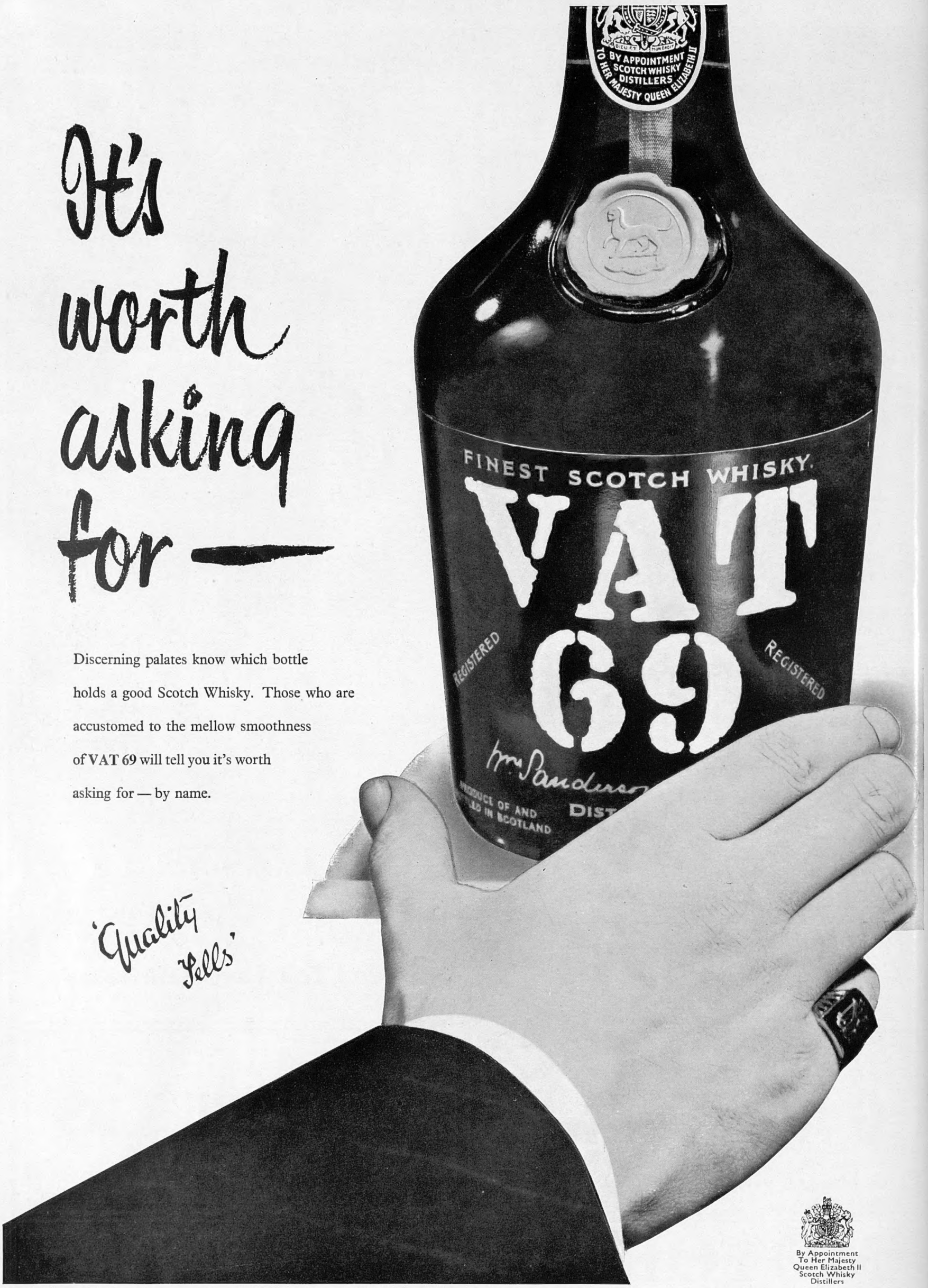

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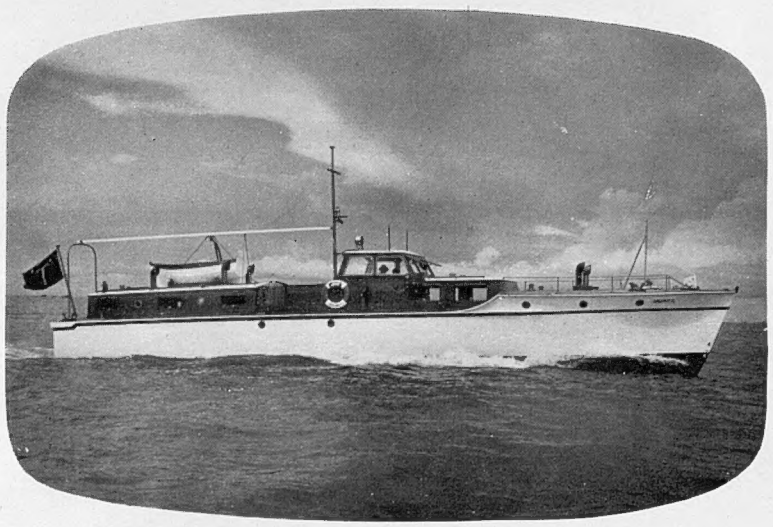

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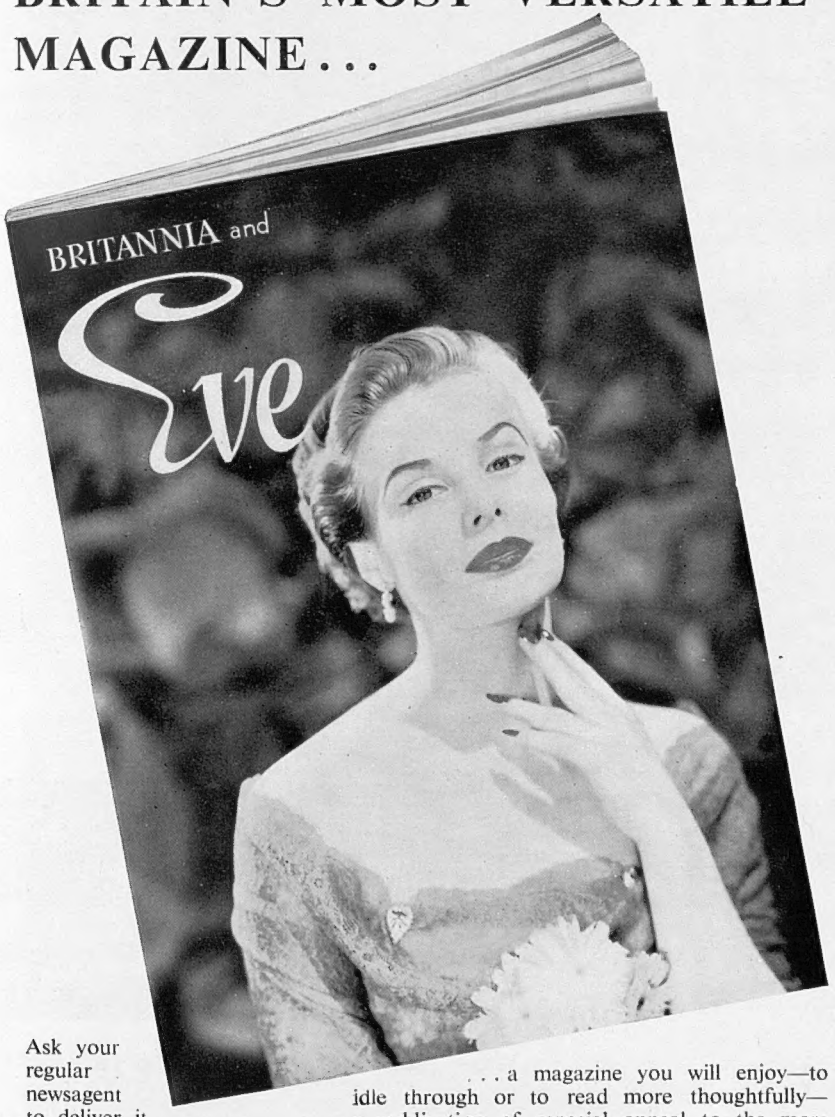

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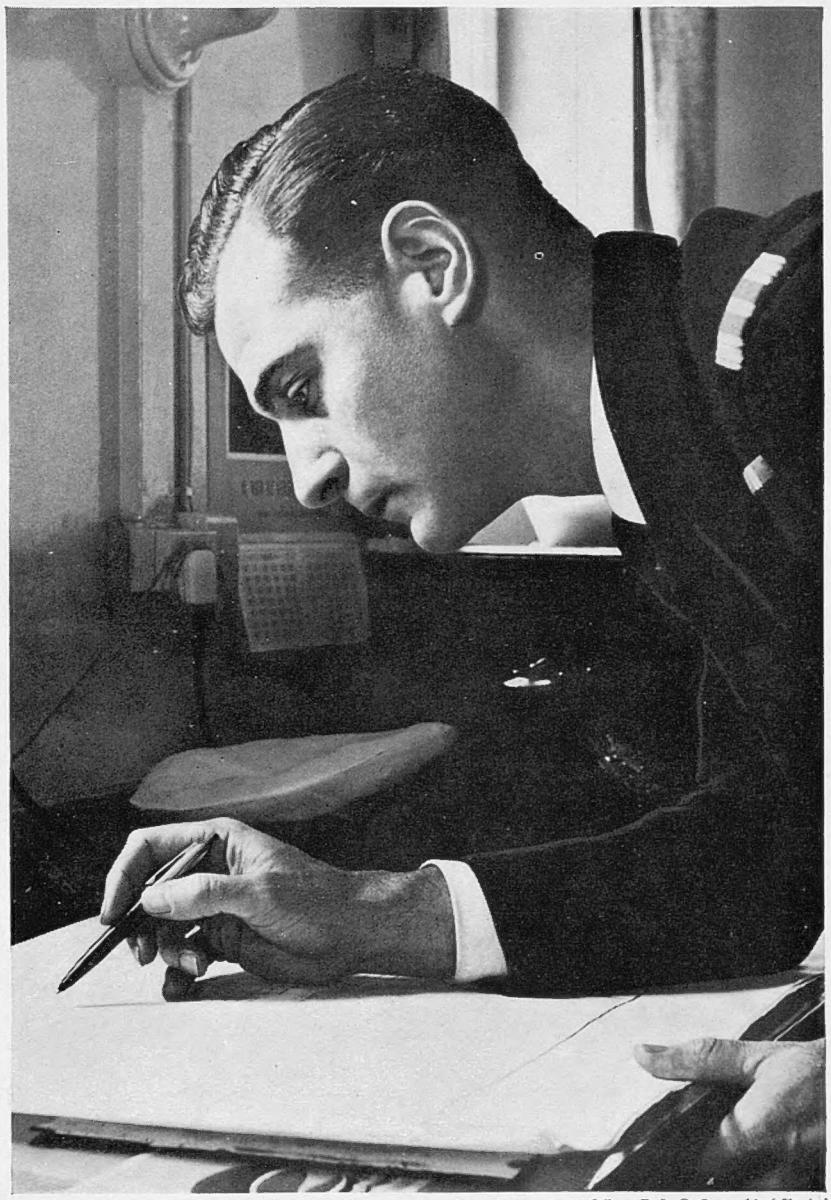

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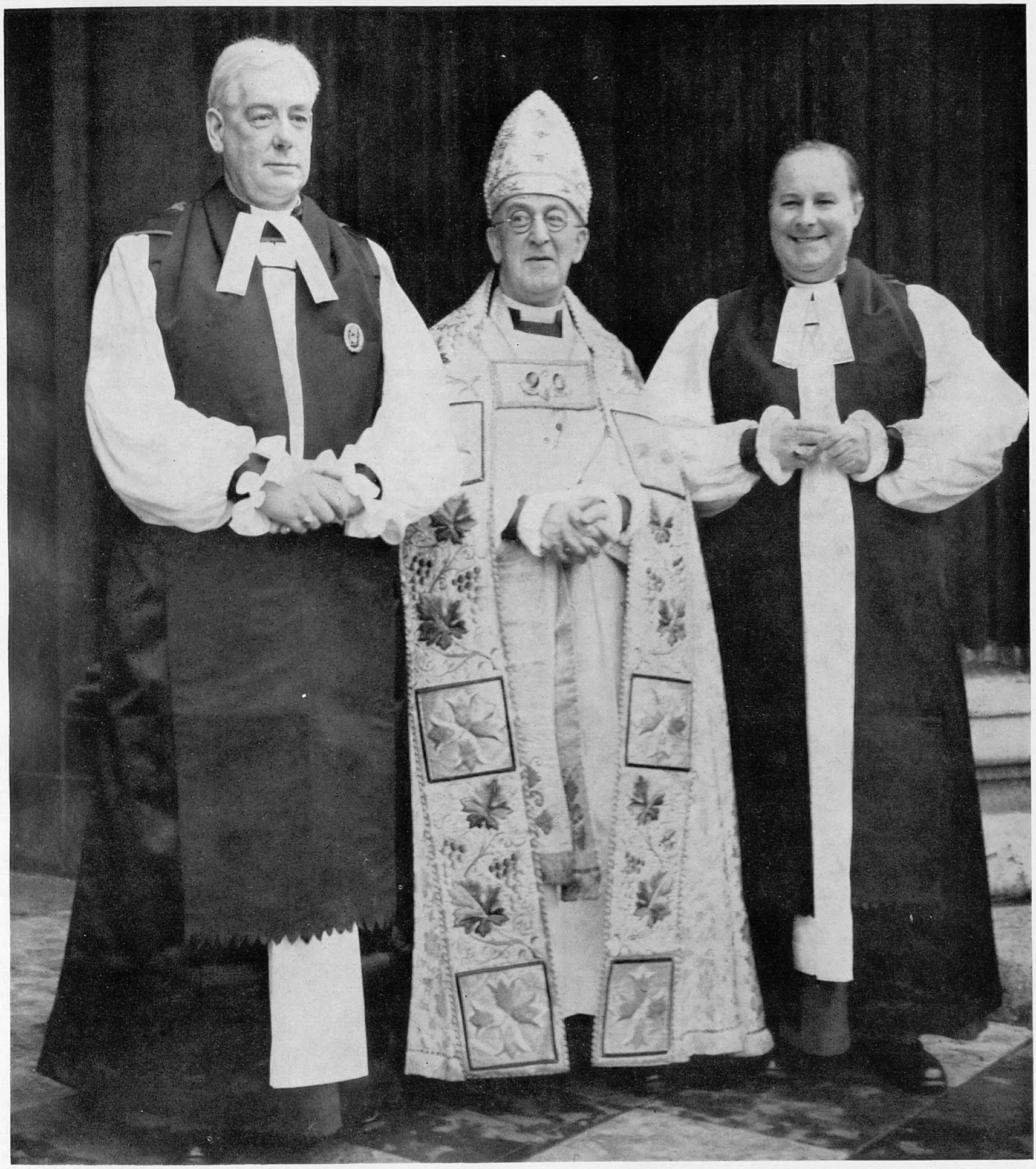
Volume CCXXIV No. 2918 The SPHERE, London, January 14, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



TWO NEW BISHOPS ARE CONSECRATED—THEY ARE SEEN WITH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AFTER THE SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, IN LONDON: The Bishop of Worcester, the Right Reverend L. M. Charles-Edwards, is on the left and the Bishop Suffragan of Taunton, the Right Reverend M. A. Hodson, is on the right. Over thirty bishops from the Province of Canterbury were present at the Consecration service. The sermon was preached by Dr. Austin Durdue, the Bishop of Pittsburg, U.S.A.

The new Bishop of Worcester, who succeeds the late Dr. W. W. Cash, had been Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, since 1948. Born in 1902 and educated at Shrewsbury School, Keble College, Oxford, and Lichfield Theological College, he was successively curate of Christ Church, Tunstall, of Pontesbury and of St. Paul, Burton-on-Trent. In 1933 he became Vicar of Marchington, moved to Market Drayton in 1937 and, seven years later, was appointed Vicar of Newark. The new Bishop of Taunton is forty-seven. After passing through London University and Wells Theological College, he was ordained to the curacy of St. Dunstan, Stepney, in the East End of London, in 1931. Four years later he was appointed Rector of Poplar and from 1940 he was London Diocesan home missionary of St. Nicholas, Perivale, Middlesex. He succeeds the late Right Reverend H. Thomas at Taunton. At his Consecration Bishop Hodson was presented by Dr. Wand, who retired from the Bishopric of London at the end of last year and is now a Canon of St. Paul's. (Pictures of the new Archbishop of York and the new Bishop of London appear on page 48.)

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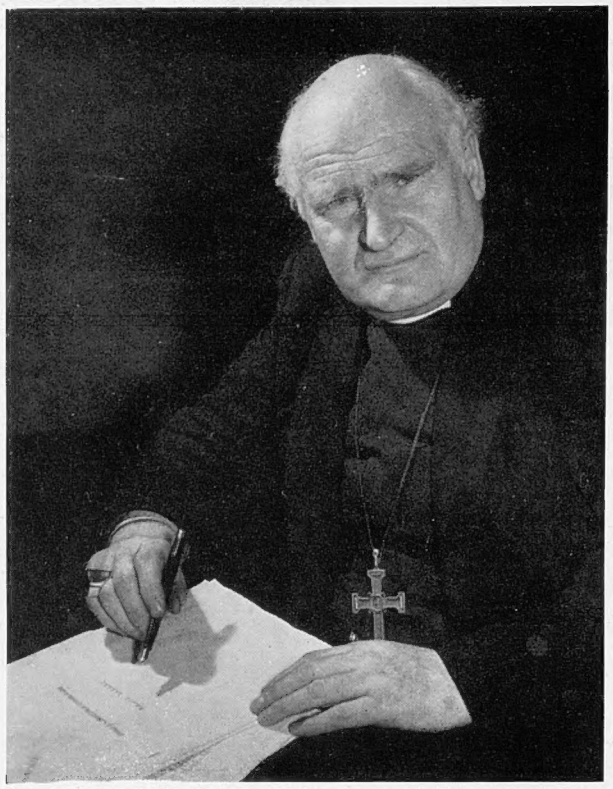
EPISCOPAL ELECTIONS



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: Dr. A. M. Ramsey has been nominated to the Dean and Chapter of York to succeed the late Dr. Garbett. He has been Bishop of Durham since 1952, and is aged fifty-one. He was ordained priest in 1929. After engaging in parochial work and teaching in a theological college, he was appointed Professor of Divinity at the University of Durham in 1940. Ten years later he became Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. Dr. Ramsey has written widely on theology.

TRANSLATED TO THE SEE OF LONDON: Dr. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, the Bishop of Guildford, was nominated last week by the Queen for election as Bishop of London, in the place of Dr. J. W. C. Wand, who retired at the end of last year. The new Bishop was educated at Malvern College, Brasenose College, Oxford, and Wells Theological College. Much of his life has already been spent in London, for he has held livings in Poplar, Hackney, Hornsey and Westminster. As Suffragan Bishop of Willesden, and later of Kensington, he frequently visited air-raid shelters during the last war.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

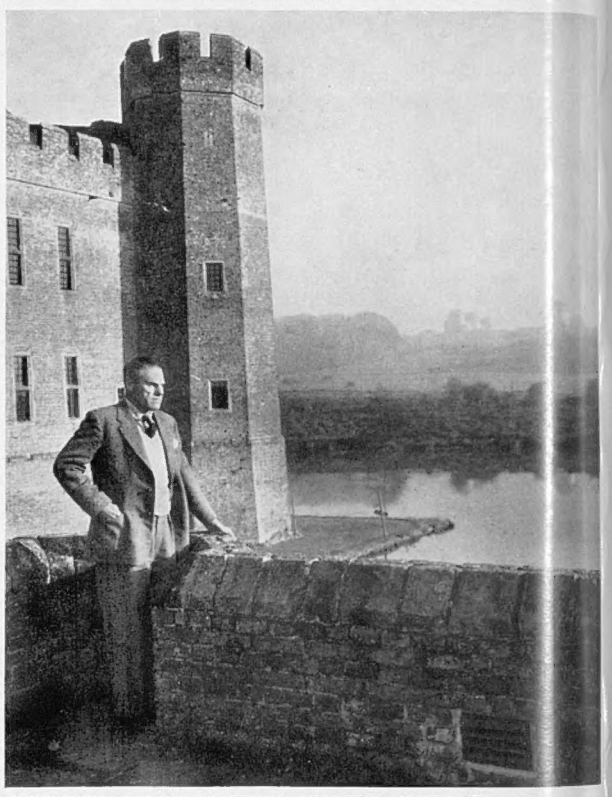
Gilbert Murray.—Dr. Murray's broadcast on the eve of his ninetieth birthday was a model and an inspiration. We are, alas! too familiar these days with biographies and autobiographies of living persons of little importance or none, and if we read them, we are made painfully aware of their faults of style and proportion, their 90 per cent. redundancy in triviality and self-advertisement. Dr. Murray spoke a perfect précis of a good and useful life. At ninety, he is still in the fight. His lifelong causes have been the teaching of Greek culture and the building of world peace and justice. If there are to-day nobler and more valuable causes for which to fight, I don't know what they may be. The cause of his optimism is an old wisecrack of Sir Winston's, which he quoted: "To save civilisation only one simple thing is needed: that some hundreds of millions of men and women should set themselves to do good instead of evil and reap therefrom blessings instead of curses." Dr. Murray commented: "If that is all we need, we are saved. We almost have it." I am lost when it comes to calculating astronomical figures. It may be that hundreds of millions are making a pattern of their lives as Christians. Even if it be so, it is not enough. For one thing, that glorious majority must raise a voice to be heard and teach their senators wisdom. For another, we live in a powder magazine, and one careless act, one evil plot, can set our world ablaze. Must we live under that risk till the last living man is converted to the good life? In all his long life, Dr. Murray believes that his principles have hardly changed. It is true that the religious intolerance of his youth reacted in him towards anti-clericalism and it gave me personally the greatest delight to hear that those prejudices were broken down when he got to know and to love Charles Gore at Oxford. Bishop Gore has been dead nearly a quarter-century, in which time references to his influence have not been many, a sign that victory in the unfinished struggle is delayed while men are more concerned with politics and worldly power. And sometimes I think that of Dr. Murray's two great causes, world peace may be achieved by some miracle before our love and appreciation of the eternal values are safeguarded. For modern industrial life is even more potent to destroy these values than are explosives and evil plotting to destroy our hopes of world peace. But Dr. Murray is not alone crying in the wilderness. Still voiceless millions, he believes, are behind him and with him. Great turbulent waves of violence are not always long enduring facts.

Honours List.—Half-yearly Honours Lists are nowadays unreadable stuff. The latest is much less vulnerable to criticism or ridicule than it might have been. In a few awards I delighted, notably in Tom O'Brien's and Eric James's knighthoods. Even the new recruits to the Upper House (which is no more in danger of petering out than is its Conservative majority) were common form or sound choices. There still seems to be no very clear policy in selecting awards for literary men and cricket stars. They may get anything from a knighthood to an M.B.E. out of the lucky dip. But let it pass. The Premier clearly is nuts on the baronetcy; perhaps, unlike Lord Attlee, he has an hereditary love of that curious anomaly in hereditary titles, which in an age of "equality" and democracy has not even an artificial leg to stand on. There is no danger of the bloody hand growing pale while the Socialists are in Opposition, and the Premier, from whom we expect so much in the next few years, has already shown himself a thorough-going baronet-maker and, as we hope to find, Cabinet-maker. From the second of these crafts, we look to see important results before the end of 1958—and indeed, I hope, earlier. It is odd to reflect how small were these lists when "Britain really ruled the Waves," when our Empire was far and farther flung, and how enormous they are to-day, when we are no longer among the mightiest Powers and our territories incline to shrink. Perhaps it has become necessary for us to reveal our greatness and importance by such means as lie to hand, and those economical and innocent enough. A title is a title, if not always a title to immortality or renown. But the fact remains that "when everybody's somebody, then no one 's anybody," and that, after all, is quite democratic. So I hope that in that vast list of M.B.E.s there may be found as many nurses and probation officers and country doctors and postmen among the elect as there are tax collectors and other pushers-out of unwanted paper.

Board of Trade Redundance.—Why kick against the pricks? The Government has assured us that its departments are not over-staffed, that considerable retrenchment *has* taken place. Any further retrenchment in personnel would lower efficiency. The point which is never taken up is whether the work which keeps busy every clerk and typist is *worth doing*. Why not try retrenching the jobs, then retrenching personnel might follow by *reductio ad absurdum*? Take the Board of Trade. I have been sent a batch of circulars and directives with which hard-pressed exporters are weekly bombarded from the Export Services Branch in Theobalds Road—waste-paper t any management worth its salt and sorry stuff to a ignoramus like me. It did not need (and does not now a Board of Trade to tell manufacturers how, when an where to get business. They had (and still have) the representatives in all parts of the world. Firms doing export trade have agents in almost every country advising their principals of new openings. Moreover there are many private organisations publishing much the same information as is sent out by the Board o Trade. The President has nearly 7,000 people on h staff, costing us £6,250,000 a year, and a great pr portion of them are making up and issuing paper snow storms which few of their victims need or read. An so it goes on in every department of central and loca administration. "Full employment" is maintained b creating unnecessary, reduplicated and maddening paper work. I often wonder whether any Minister o county council chairman has in the last decades eve had an opportunity (or taken the time) to get through the barrage of permanent officials to sift the wor which is going on and going out from his department If he did, he would surely find that a large proportio of his staff, if not redundant, were doing redundan work, utterly inexcusable in our present economi plight. But the "Parkinson" curtain, reinforced wit departmental *hubris*, is stronger than the Iron Curtain. In the struggle to balance our national budget, I se no hope for us but in a super-Geddes-Axe dictatorship.

My Vote Goes To . . .—The newly recon structed Government is in the saddle, the new Ministers young and old, are studying their portfolios. I dar say that in the natural course of human life, I may never again be called on to cast a vote in a General Election. But, in case I am, I shall watch these Ministers closely, for there are a variety of matters which I wish them to put right, and if the Cabinet and individual Ministers do their jobs with courage, vision, imagination and new ideas, some of these matters could be put right without the intervention of providence or miracles. They range from international peace and the final removal of the threat of world war, down to parish pump matters, from the sublime to the trivial. To achieve some of them, infinite wisdom and patience are needed. Others could be brought about with a little resolution and a stroke of the pen. I will pick out a few from the lower strata of importance. I will never again support a Conservative Government or candidate unless the present Government in the next three years (*a*) has passed legislation to protect our native deer, roe and red, from continuous decimation, and to arrest the liquidation of all wild life in the countryside and the suburbanisation of what remains of our heritage of beauty. (*b*) Ensured that every Minister gets through the barrage of his permanent officials and ascertains for *himself* how many persons employed in his department are engaged on paper work not justified in the present state of the national economy and of the burden of taxation. And that goes for the Minister responsible for Local Government expenditure; and having ascertained it, he must use

THE NEW ASTRONOMER ROYAL



PROFESSOR WOOLLEY TAKES UP HIS POST: The successor to Sir Harold Spencer Jones stands on the bridge by the South Entrance of the new Royal Observatory at Hurstmonceaux Castle, in Sussex. In the centre and right background is the Equatorial group of domes now under construction at the Observatory. Dr. Woolley was the chief assistant to Sir Harold Spencer Jones at Greenwich seventeen years ago. Since then he has been Director of the Commonwealth Laboratory near Canberra, in Australia. He has forthright views and is reported to have declared that current talk about the future of interplanetary travel is "utter bilge."

the axe ruthlessly. (*c*) Grappled with the present absurdities, anomalies, antiquities and super-abundance revealed in the bestowal of honours and hereditary titles in an age labelled by all parties as the age of democracy and equality of opportunity. A certain degree of hypocrisy, and even respect for tradition, may be allowed to Conservative statesmen in power, but not so much as this Government has shown hitherto. (*d*) Produced a set of regulations for speed on the roads we have, which it is reasonable for the public to obey and the authorities to enforce. (*e*) Done something more than twiddle its thumbs and whistle for a favourable wind to disperse the vicious spiral of constantly rising costs of living chased (and constantly overtaken) by increased wages and salaries. After all, the votes which put Sir Anthony in power were those of men and women who must pay the increased costs and never benefit from the increased pay packets, and it is those votes which will throw him out if he does nothing about that spiral. (*f*) Realised that, important as world politics and diplomacy are, this island needs some attention in domestic matters, and that Ministers constantly airborne over the world's face may not be grappling with first things first or sticking to the briefs we have given them. World settlement and the banishment of war are long-term ideals. While we wait for them, we should welcome a little sanity, decency, justice, sense and order in our towns and countryside.

"Bottom of the Poll."—It is sometimes a comfort to a journalist of long standing to receive tardy proof that some of his opinions are shared by his readers. Too often he concludes that his is a voice crying in the wilderness. Hence his pleasure in letters from his readers, pro *or* con. Very occasionally he gets evidence of bloc agreement from a wider public. For years I have inveighed against party political broadcasts, which, in my opinion, usually reveal the worst side of party politics and show politicians at their meanest, narrowest and least statesmanlike. And now we know that in a recent poll of programmes given in a week, of *every* type both on B.B.C. and I.T., the party political broadcast was far and away *at the bottom of the list*. I wonder if this evidence will at last be taken to heart by the parties and by the politicians. Can they afford to go on boring the electorate and giving proof, if proof were needed, of their own littleness and mediocrity? The average Briton is still at heart a decent schoolboy. He likes fair play, he dislikes raking up of old grievances, and the making of cheap scores, he detests boasters and boosters and trumpet-blowers, and usually he has a supreme contempt for the tricks of nasty fourth-form boys, because at heart he stands for discipline, restraint and decency and the corporate spirit (or patriotism). And (with a very few exceptions) the party political broadcasts we have seen or heard in the last decade have given us a picture of our chosen legislators closely resembling that of an unpleasant fourth form at an inferior school. The average listener and viewer may not be highbrow or highly-educated, but his experience of life (and surely of politics) convinces him that politicians are not above human liability to make mistakes, and he is neither amused nor impressed when one side or party rubs in the mistakes made by the other. The odd thing is that devotion to party politics appears to enhance these petty meannesses in the better-educated politicians. Some of the party leaders from the most famous public schools seem to produce the best imitations of fourth-form meanness and nastiness. And now Sir Anthony is to have his turn on the screen. He will be careful to avoid fourth-form tactics. He will be majestic and statesmanlike. I hope he will succeed in lifting this dingy feature from the bottom of the list and impress us with his leadership.

France's Nadir.—If in Britain we do no more than cheapen and vulgarise the parliamentary system by addiction to cheap party scores and tactics, in France they have been murdering it for decades. And now candidates and electors alike have brought their system down to a new low level justifying the contempt of primitive races. A nation which not so long ago aspired once more to be a leader in world politics, and was, indeed, offered that crown—where lies she now with none so poor to do her reverence? Her national prestige, her pledged word to her Western allies, her fearful responsibilities in her overseas dominions, have all been sacrificed to half-a-dozen parochial preoccupations and party jealousies. If France were in isolation, the excellent rule that foreigners should never interfere in or criticise the internal affairs of a neighbour and friendly state should be obeyed. But she is not in isolation, and would perish if she were. For her allies her voice is needed in the council of nations, and to-day there is no voice to speak for France in those councils, or only a voice that is here to-day and gone to-morrow.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A BRIDGE ACROSS THE SOLENT

A Proposal to Link the Isle of Wight with the Hampshire Coast.

By JOHN MAY

DAME MARGOT TAKES HER BOW OF HONOUR

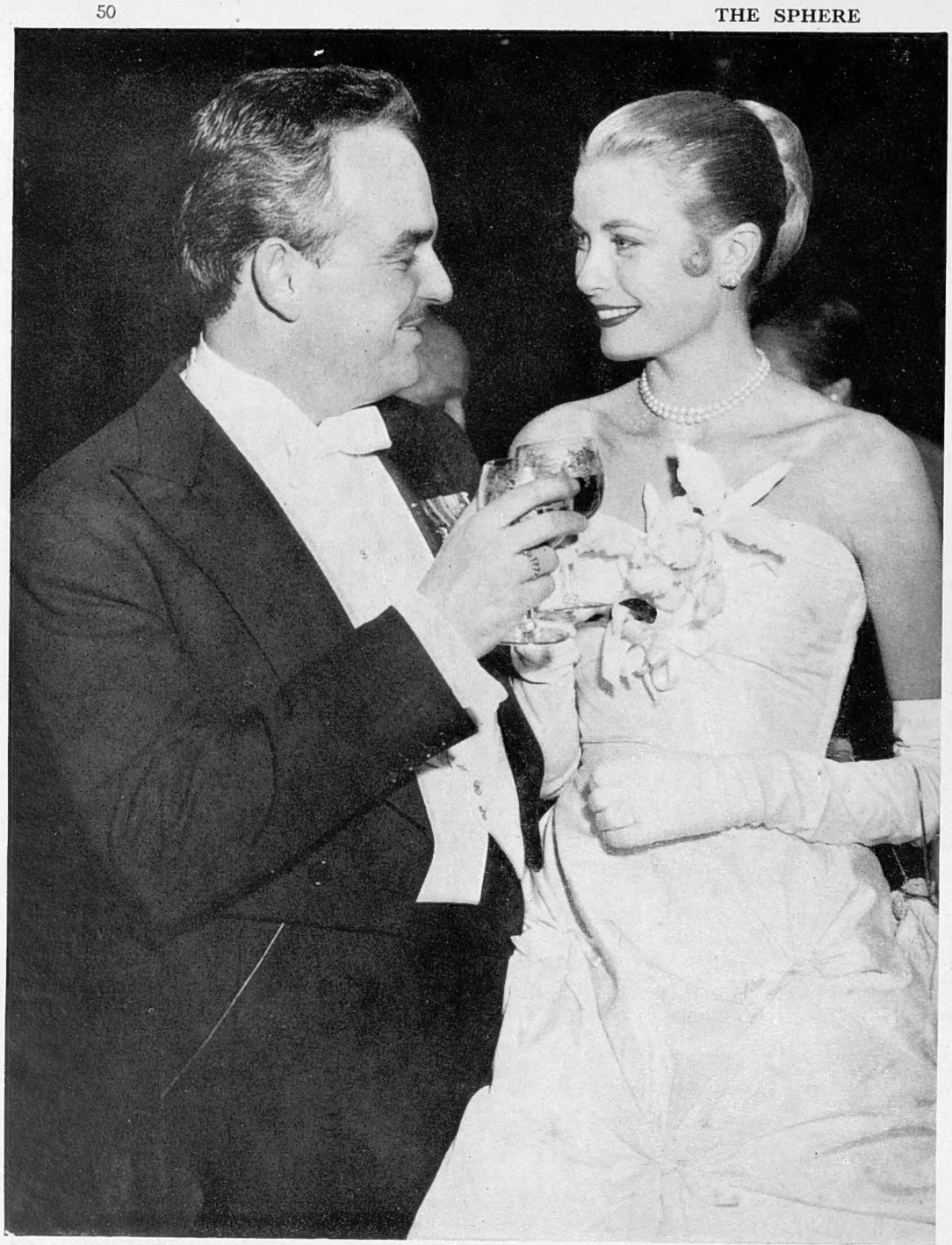
THE PRIMA BALLERINA RECEIVES A GREAT OVATION AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: Margot Fonteyn, who was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in the New Year Honours, takes a special bow from the stage of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, shortly after the announcement of her honour. Miss Fonteyn was dancing the principal role in Swan Lake. This is the second time a solo curtain call has been accorded at Covent Garden to Miss Fonteyn. The first occasion was last year after her marriage to the Panamanian Ambassador in London, Dr. Arias. Following last week's acclamation by the audience a party was given on the stage.

A DRAMATIC RESCUE FROM A GALE AT SEA OFF CORNWALL

ONE OF THE LIFEBOATS AND SOME OF THE SURVIVORS: The Lizard lifeboat is hauled ashore after taking part in rescuing the crew of the Glasgow coaster *Citrine* (780 tons) off the coast of Cornwall as their ship was sinking. This lifeboat brought in three members of the *Citrine's* company and the Coverack lifeboat rescued another seven. One of those rescued died later. *On left*—The master of the *Citrine*, Captain Calder (behind), from Thurso, in Scotland; Vincent Coleman (left), of Dublin, the youngest member of the crew; and Bo'sun McCarthy, of County Cork, come ashore at the Lizard from the lifeboat. The *Citrine* had been battered for hours by heavy seas when the master sent out an S O S which the lifeboats from the Lizard and Coverack answered. They found the crew of the ship clinging to the wheelhouse, and the last men were rescued as the vessel was going down bows first. A few seconds later she sank in 60 ft. of water.

THE PRINCE AND THE FILM STAR

The Monagesque Ruler's Betrothal to Miss Grace Kelly, o of the Outstanding and most Unusual of Hollywood Actres



A TOAST TO FUTURE HAPPINESS—PRINCE AND FILM STAR AFTER THEIR ENGAGEMENT : Prince Rainier III of Monaco toasts his fiancée, Miss Grace Kelly, during the "Imperial" Charity Ball at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Prince Rainier is thirty-two years old, and his fiancée six years younger.

A WORD FROM MOTHER : Mrs. Kelly, who was once a model and a pione physical education instructress at Pennsylvania University, ha word with the engaged couple at her home in Philadelph

THE KELLY HOME : Situated in th quiet residential district of Ea Falls, Philadelphia, this fifte room house has for a long tim been the home of Miss Gra Kelly and her sisters and brothe

Marriages between princes and fil stars are commonplace, but Prin Rainier is no ordinary prince and Mi Kelly no ordinary star. The Prin rules the principality of Monaco, whos greatest asset is Monte Carlo, and whos greatest fear is that it may come unde French rule and thus become liable t the inconveniences of taxation an conscription. Its greatest hope o avoiding this fate is for the ruli prince to found a dynasty, and many Monagesques had been pointing ou how inconsiderate it was of Prin Rainier not to have got married before

Miss Kelly is a star who is a hit screen actress. She has won "Oscars from the critics, enormous fan-mail fro the public, and startled admiration fro Hollywood's film colony, in whos haphazard way of life she refuses t share. Miss Kelly comes from a remarkable family. Her father started as a bricklayer and is now a millionaire builder. He also won an Olympic Gold Medal as a sculler and his son won the Diamonds at Henley. Miss Kelly's two sisters, like herself and her mother, are blonde and noted for their beauty; while an uncle has won a Pulitzer Prize.

On left—

PRINCE RAINIER WITH HIS FIANCÉE'S PARENTS : The engaged couple with Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly.

THE WORLD'S PRESS INVADES THE KELLY DRAWING-ROOM : Prince Rainier and Miss Kelly pose for photographers and answer the questions of reporters in the Philadelphia home of Mr. Kelly (seen in the background near the door). Miss Kelly, whose rise to film stardom has been swift but emphatic, has been known as Hollywood's "lady" of the screen. Her impeccable private life and general distaste for the trappings of Hollywood life have helped to make her a dominating film personality in the past three years. Like her fiancé, Prince Rainier, she is a Roman Catholic. Neither has been married before.

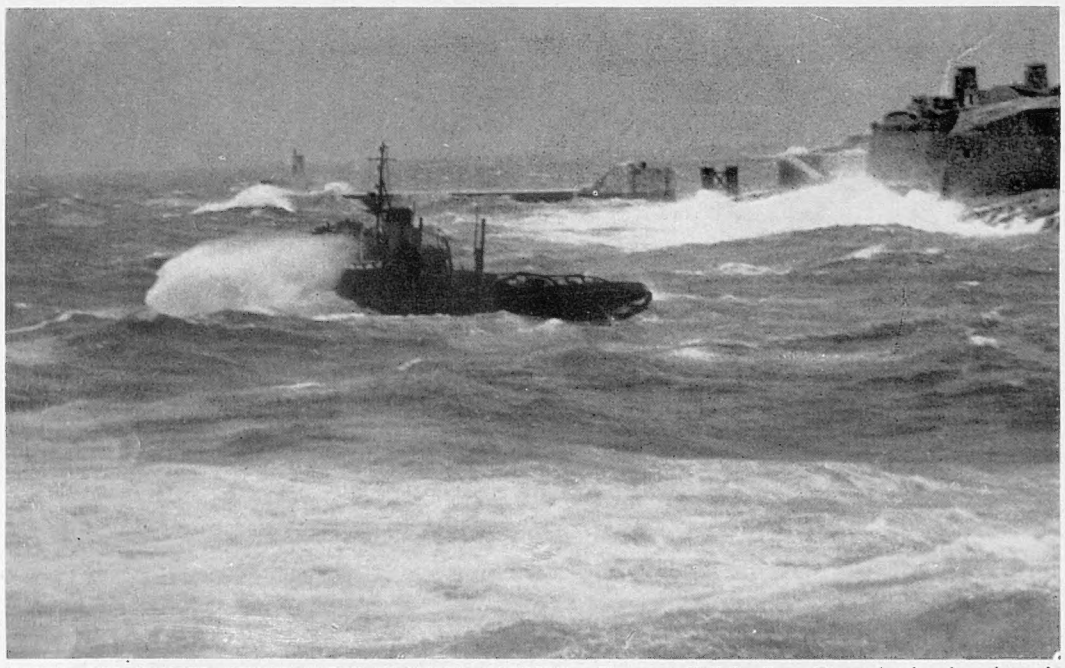
"A NIGHT IN MONTE CARLO"—THE GLITTERING NEW YORK BALL AT WHICH THE ENGAGED COUPLE WERE FETED : Two days after their engagement was announced in Philadelphia, Prince Rainier and Miss Kelly, who are seen with Miss Kelly's parents and diplomats and their wives in the Royal "box," attended this society ball in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Shortly afterwards Miss Kelly flew to Hollywood, where she is completing the film *High Society*.

ABOVE THE ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF GRIMALDI : Prince Rainier and his fiancée enter the "Royal Box," which is hung with canopies, and from which are draped the arms of Monaco's Royal House.

FROM EUROPE AND NORTH AMERICA

A Pictorial Survey of Foreign News Events Ranging from Moscow to Ottawa and Including Fires, Political Events, and Storms at Sea

TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE—THE SOVIET LEADERS REPORT ON THEIR JOURNEYS IN THE EAST: *On left*—Marshal Bulganin addressing a joint meeting of the t Chambers of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow. *On right*—A remark by the Communist Party Secretary, Mr. Khrushchev, brings a half-smile to the lips of some of the l deputies he was addressing. Both Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev made their reports on their visits to India, Burma and Afghanistan, but it Mr. Khrushchev's that attracted the greater attention. He defend the speeches he made in India and Burma attacking Britain and the Uni States by making still more vehement attacks. While professing friendsh for the British people, Mr. Khrushchev declared that the claim that Brit brought civilisation to India was a tale for simpletons. "It was robbery the full sense of the word." The Party Secretary then turned his attenti to personalities, and singled out President Eisenhower for special atta



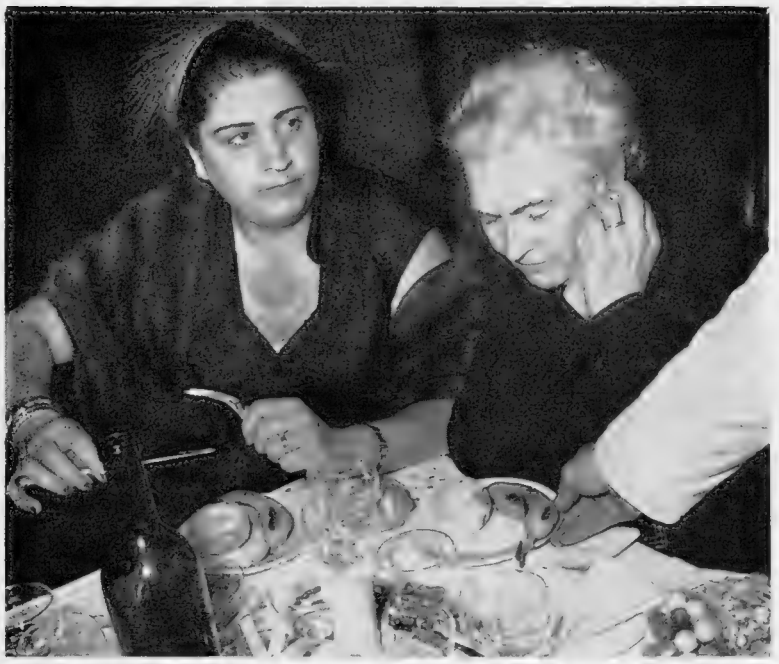
HEAVY SEAS HAMPER RESCUE WORK IN MALTA HARBOUR: The tug H.M.S. *Sea Giant* buries her bow in high waves during the search inside the harbour mouth after four men of a cable party from the frigate H.M.S. *Ulysses* were swept overboard during a storm. Two of the men were rescued.

THE RESCUE WORK IN OPERATION: The naval party, who have j pulled one of the sailors aboard, are seen massed below t bridge on one of the tugs as it battles against fierce wav

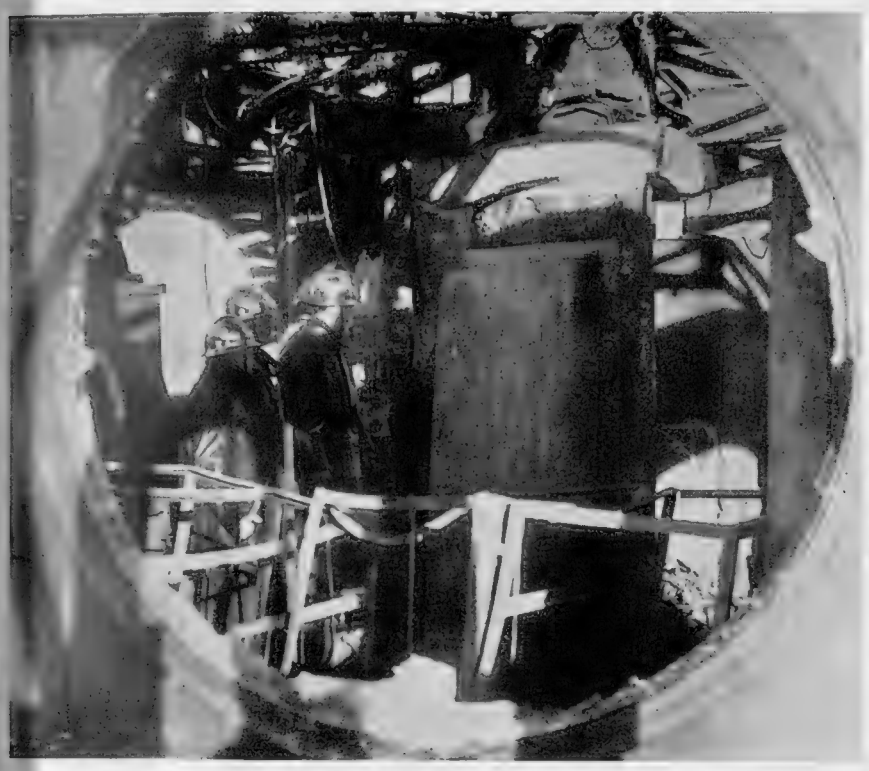
JEEPS FOR THE NEW GERMAN ARMY: Officials of the Federal Defence Ministry are seen checking a consignment of eleven Jeeps before accepting them for the German forces. The Jeeps have been made by the German Auto-Union (DKW) factory and have a top speed of 100 kilometres per hour with four-wheel drive.

TRAFFIC CONTROL-POINT IN CONTEMPORARY STYLE: A concrete traffic observation po has been built at one of West Berlin's busiest crossroads where the Kurfurste damm and Joachimsthaler Strasse intersect. The style is contemporary keeping with the buildings arising in that part of war-ravaged Berl

A WELL-KNOWN SOVIET EMBASSY IS GUTTED BY FIRE: The gutted building of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa after the blaze had been extinguished. This was the Embassy from which Igor Gouzenko escaped in 1945 with documents which led to the exposure of the Soviet spy ring in Canada. When the fire broke out city firemen claimed that they were hampered by Embassy staff; the fire brigade chief was allegedly struck in the face by a Russian. The Russians, on the other hand, charged that the brigade had made inadequate fire-fighting efforts.



MUSSOLINI'S WIDOW AT A NEW YEAR DINNER: Donna Rachele Mussolini (on right), making a rare public appearance, has her New Year dinner with a friend in a Rome restaurant. She has seldom been seen since her husband's death.



THE EIFFEL TOWER ABLAZE: Firemen are seen through the large porthole of the Television Cabin at the top of the Eiffel Tower, the famous Parisian landmark, as they clear the wreckage after bringing the fire under control. The fire broke out when some of the cables became overheated. The equipment was at that moment carrying the French election results. *On right*—Smoke pours out of the third floor of the Eiffel Tower. After an hour-and-a-half the fire was mastered without casualties, but the damage to the television equipment was heavy.

THE SAAR PARLIAMENT BEGINS ITS FIRST SESSION: The President of the Elders, Hermann Petry, congratulates Heinrich Schneider (on left), chairman of the Saar Democratic Party, after his election as President of the new Saar Parliament. Dr. Schneider, who is forty-eight, was expelled from the Nazi Party in 1937.

PARLIAMENT SITS: Dr. Hubert Ney (on right), chairman of the Saar Christian Democratic Union, who has been elected Chief Minister by the German parties in the Landtag, sits at his desk during the opening session. At his side is Kurt Konrad, who is Minister of Labour and Social Welfare in the provisional Cabinet.

IN ACTION AGAINST EOKA IN CYPRUS

Sir John Harding Sees a Large-scale Drive Against Terrorists and Visits Wounded British Service-men

The neck of the Karpass Peninsula was the area selected for a strong drive against the terrorists of Cyprus last week. Troops and police with tracker dogs went into action. Men of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment and the South Staffordshire Regiment sealed off the villages of Dhavlos and Flamoudi, about 25 miles from Famagusta. Loudspeaker vans drove through the streets warning villagers to stay indoors and then the males were ordered out for questioning. Meanwhile, patrols of armoured cars and infantry swept through the mountainous terrain of the surrounding country, and searched caves and likely hide-outs. As a result of the operation, it was stated that formidable supplies of forbidden arms and explosives were unearthed in caches and a number of terrorist fugitives rounded up. Sir John Harding flew in a helicopter to visit the personnel engaged in this action. Also, in spite of his many political duties, he found the time last week to tour the British Military Hospital in Nicosia and talk with the victims of terrorist atrocities who are patients there. But even hospitals are not immune from Eoka attacks. Both the military hospital and the general hospital of the capital have been subject to terrorist outrages.

THE GOVERNOR WITH HIS TROOPS : Field-Marshal Sir John Harding talks with Private R. Allen, of Derby, during a visit to an ambulance unit during the recent drive against the terrorists in Cyprus. Considered to be the strongest action yet taken against Eoka, the operation was largely confined to the north-east of the island, on the Karpass Peninsula.

A VICTIM OF EOKA : In the Military Hospital of Nicosia, the Governor sees Senio Aircraftman J. Drennan, of the R.A.F. S.A.C. Drennan was wounded in th leg when terrorists threw bombs into a café in the capital of Cyprus

A CASUALTY OF TERRORISM: Warrant Officer (Class I) A. Humphreys, of the Royal Army Education Corps, answers Sir John Harding's inquiries about the wounds. His eye and his hand were injured by a bomb thrown on the veranda of the Education Centre in Famagusta.

On right—

ON PATROL : High up in the mountains three men of the patrol move along a narrow road while above them on the rocks a fourth man keeps watch. Terrorist hide-outs were often found in the mountain caves.

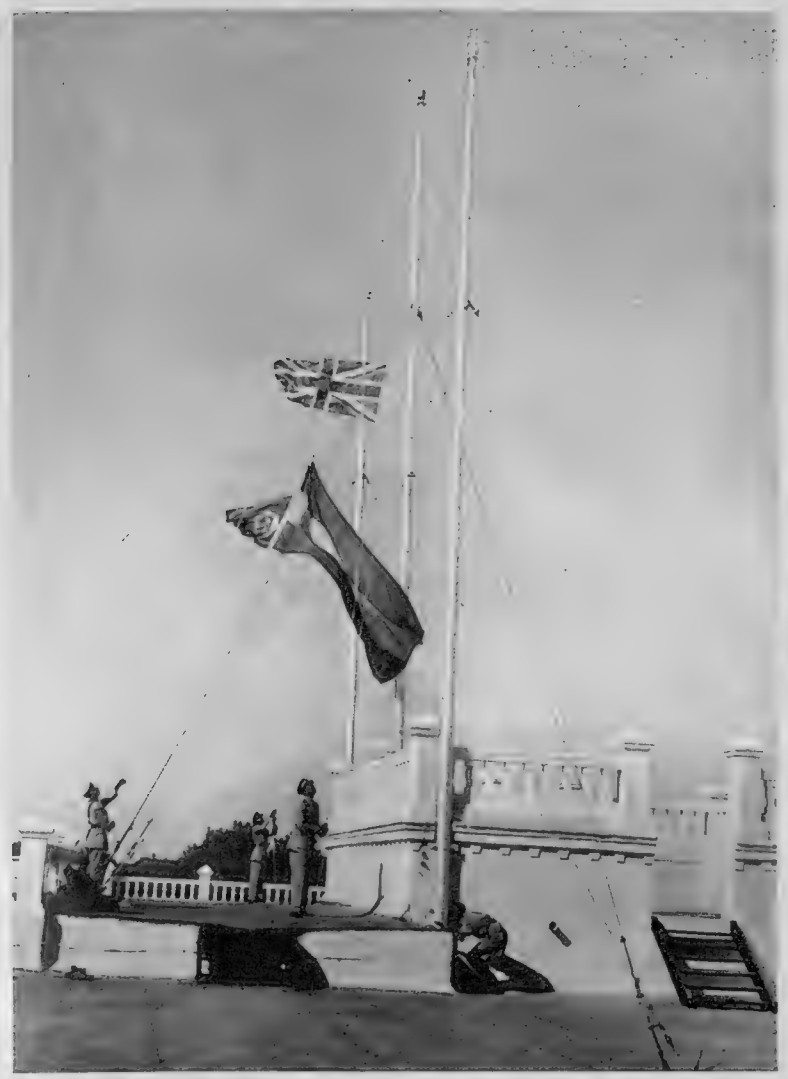
A SWEEP BY ARMOURED CARS : They are driving along one of the mountain roads in the north-east of Cyprus. In the anti-terrorist operation, troops of five British regiments and Commando units were assisted by police with tracker dogs. Spotter aircraft hovered overhead and warships lay off the coast.

On left—

AN INTERROGATION CAMP : It is on the cliff near the village of Dhavlos. The animals of some of those required for questioning have been taken behind the barbed wire of the compound with their owners. Several terrorist fugitives were captured in the recent operation and a number of arms caches discovered.

THE SUDAN BECOMES AN INDEPENDENT STATE

The New Republic is Ceremonially Proclaimed in Khartoum



THE NEW FLAG IS HOISTED : Outside the Palace in Khartoum the Tricolor flag is hoisted and the flags of Britain and Egypt are lowered. This was part of the official ceremony at which the Sudan was proclaimed a republic.

AN HISTORIC MOMENT : Ismail el Azhari, the Sudanese Prime Minister (in the white suit), stands to attention as his country's flag is hoisted. In a speech afterwards he said : "There is no occasion in the history of the Sudan and its people greater than this."

THE SOVEREIGN BODY : From left are Siricio Iro ; Abdel Fattah el Maghrabi ; Dardiri Mohed Osman ; Ahmed Mohed Yasin ; and Ahmed Mohed Salih. They are members of the Supreme Commission of the Sudan.

At the beginning of this year the "independent, democratic Republic of the Sudan" formally came into being and a new free state was added to the world. In Khartoum a joint session of the two Houses of Parliament met to receive recognition of the nation's independence from Britain and Egypt. Mr. Dodds-Parker, the British Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Miralai Abdel Fattah Hussein, representing Egypt, handed letters from their Governments to the Prime Minister, Ismail el Azhari. He presented them to the Speaker, who read them to the assembly. After this the five members of the Supreme Commission, as the Sovereign body of the Republic is called, were sworn and installed.

Later on the same day some 2,000 official guests gathered for a ceremony outside the Palace, formerly the residence of the Governor-General. The flags of Britain and Egypt still flew from two flagstaffs. A band played the temporary Sudanese National Anthem, a gun boomed, and the British and Egyptian colours were lowered while the blue, yellow and green flag of the Sudan was hoisted. The lowered flags were handed to the representatives of the two countries which have jointly ruled the Sudan since 1898, and the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium had come to an end.

The Prime Minister addressed the gathering on this historic occasion and spoke of the Sudanese people's determination to maintain their new-found independence and build their future progress on it. He thanked Britain and Egypt for fulfilling their pledges, and the various commissions which had helped to make the path to independence smooth. Among the messages of congratulation sent to the Sudan was one from the Queen to the Council of State.

THE SUDANESE REPUBLIC IS BORN : Mr. Dodds-Parker, the U.K. Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, hands the Sudanese Prime Minister a message from the British Government. *On right*—A joint session of the Sudanese Parliament meets to receive the recognition of independence.

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A PLAYER OUT OF THE RUCK : Sanders, playing for Major Stanley's XV against Oxford, cheerfully emerges with the ball after a loose scrum. Among those still attached to the scrum are, from left, Abbott, Currie, Yarranton and Labuschagne ; at left are Plumbridge, Beer and the referee, Mr. Mitchell ; extreme right is scrum half Jeeps.

IN PURSUIT OF THE BALL ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON : A typical incident during the club game between Harlequins and Richmond at Twickenham. Smith, the Richmond scrum-half, passes the ball just before Sanders, at the head of the Harlequins pack, can lay hands on him. Beer, extreme left, appears to be just offside.

RUGBY FOOTBALL— A HALF-TIME SURVEY

As the International Season Begins, Exciting New Possibilities are Opened Up by the Growth of the Game both at Home and Abroad

By VIVIAN JENKINS

Vivian Jenkins gained three Blues for Oxford as a centre-three-quarter before playing for Wales fourteen times as full-back between 1933 and 1939. In 1938 he went to South Africa with Sammy Walker's British Isles touring team, and was vice-captain. His penalty goal from 63 yards in the first Test at Johannesburg is still remembered. Mr. Jenkins also played cricket for Glamorgan, being a member of the county team for five years.

RUGBY UNION football enthusiasts have much on which to preen themselves at the present time. In quantity the game flourishes as never before. In quality it is no worse, I dare say, than ever it was, and might well be better.

Quantity is a matter of bulk and statistics, measurable and beyond argument. More clubs are playing the game, more schools are taking it up, more spectators are watching it. In the Rugby Union alone some 1,600 clubs now pay their annual guinea to Twickenham. In 1947 there were just over 800. Thus the number has almost doubled.

Grammar schools throughout the country are deserting round ball for oval as fast as they can find the right goal-posts. Mr. F. A. Willsmore, honorary secretary of the English Schools Union, rugby version, tells me he estimates the number of schools directly or indirectly under his sway at around 1,000. More than 120 of them are in the London and Home Counties area, so long a soccer stronghold. At Tottenham, in the shadow of White Hart Lane itself, the grammar and county schools have given themselves to rugby, defying local tradition and the imprecations of their ancestors alike.

In Newcastle recently I came across a newly-built grammar school, and, enquiring what its winter game would be, was told "Rugby, obviously. Otherwise there would be no schools to play against." Thus the gospel spreads. Inevitably, too, schools produce their old boys, and old boys their own clubs to swell the happy throng. One Old Phantasmagorical to-day is worth a hundred to-morrow.

Maybe all this accounts for the recurring nightmare, worse this season than ever, of trying to get tickets for the big matches at Twickenham. Every new club increases the demand, for only through the clubs are the precious slips issued. Over £30,000, I am told, was returned to disappointed applicants for the England-Wales match, now so close upon us. Television, fortunately, will fulfil its role of second-best for the unlucky ones—not that it can ever be quite the same thing. Bowler-hat throwing is apt to be discouraged in the better drawing-rooms, and tea is a poor sustainer of aftermatch discussions.

In South Africa, on the recent British tour, a crowd of over 90,000, a world's record for Rugby Union, forgathered at Johannesburg's Ellis Park to watch the first Test match. In 1938 for the corresponding match of the previous tour, under the captaincy of another Irishman, Sam Walker, the crowd was also the biggest ever to watch a rugby match in South Africa—and numbered just over 30,000 !

Thus the game advances, and, what is more, spreads. All over the continent of Europe it increases in strength. France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway and, beyond the curtain, Czechoslovakia and Rumania are putting more and more teams into the field every year. The visit of a Rumanian team to Britain in the early part of this season, when they beat Swansea, drew with the Harlequins and only just lost to Cardiff, is a sign of the changing times.

In the Argentine in 1952 a fully representative Ireland team, led by that fine forward D. J. O'Brien, found things much more difficult than they used to be. Where three previous teams representing Great Britain had won all their twenty-five matches there, the Irishmen won only six out of nine. Beaten 6—11 by a team called Pucura, they could do no better than draw their first game against the Argentine, 3—3, and although they won the second, 6—0, they were held to a second draw, 6—6, by a Buenos Aires Provincial Selection. Altogether the Ireland team's record was :—Played 9, won 6, drawn 2, lost 1 ; points for, 126 ; points against, 43. Compare this with the figures of the British team under B. C. Gadney there in 1936 :—Played 10, won 10 ; points for, 399 ; points against, 12. Something considerable must have happened in the meantime.

In Japan, visited by an Oxford University team in 1952, and by Cambridge in the following year, they were celebrating their fifty-fifth anniversary as a rugby-playing country. Fiji, by those who saw them beat Australia in a Test Match on the Sydney Cricket Ground a few years back, are reckoned to be the finest rugby players in the world—strong, fast, amazingly fit, and schooled in the finer points of the game by their mentors, the New Zealanders. Thailand and Malaya, though handicapped by small physique among their players, lag behind none in enthusiasm.

In Canada, where ice-hockey claims by far the majority, rugby is making a slow but gradual inroad. An Old Millhillian now in Toronto writes to tell me that there are twenty-six teams in that city alone—" and three of them composed entirely of Canadians," he adds.

Russia, in the guise of Eastern Germany, not long ago tried, without success, to get an indirect footing on F.I.R.A.—the Federation Internationale Rugby Amateur—which is based on France. This body aims eventually to administer all rugby throughout the world not under the control of the present International Board, on which France has no representation. It is stressed, though, that it will not attempt to alter the laws of the game, but regard itself as complementary to the International Board, not opposed to it.

A SCHOOL MATCH AT THE HOME OF RUGBY FOOTBALL : A line-out during the match between Rugby (in white) and Harrow, which was played at Rugby School, where the game originated. In the background is the well-known chapel. In an exciting match, Rugby won by 6 points to 3.

Yet the mere fact of such a body coming into existence shows how the game is spreading. Obviously the International Board, at present consisting of two members each from England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, and one each from South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, will have to look to its laurels. Does it intend to widen its scope, or confine its activities mainly to the British Isles and the three Dominions concerned, as in the past ? Indications are that there will be no change in the present policy, but eventually there could be far-reaching complications.

Mr. W. C. Ramsay, last season's President of the Rugby Union, said publicly more than once that the R.U. was not in favour of an extension of international matches to include any more countries than at present. Even with the present programme, he felt, there was quite enough of a drain on the time and resources of amateurs. There the matter can be said to rest—for the moment.

Meanwhile, in the matter of quality the game stands higher than at any time since the war. Playing standards have come back into their own, following a lean period immediately after the end of hostilities. From 1947 onwards for a few years

WHEN BRITAIN TRIUMPHED IN SOUTH AFRICA: An object-lesson of "binding in" during a line-out is provided by Meredith, the British Isles hooker, during the third Test at Pretoria. Meredith gives the scrum-half Jeeps time to gather the ball, while Koch and Van Der Merwe attempt to break through to him.

RUGBY FOOTBALL IS BECOMING TRULY INTERNATIONAL: A line-out in the Torino Stadium, Rome, during the rugby football match between Italy and Czechoslovakia, which the Italians won last month by 17 points to 6. The Italian captain, Fornari, seems to raise a yell as he gathers the ball. Early this season a Rumanian team performed impressively against British clubs.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BRITISH ISLES TEAM IN SOUTH AFRICA: Cliff Morgan, the Welsh stand-off half, appears to be in the grips of the South African Koch.

On left—
THE INSPIRATION OF A FINE UNIVERSITY MATCH: Allaway, the Oxford captain, gets away from the scrum during the match against Cambridge at Twickenham. Allaway has received much of the credit for the exciting play in that match, made memorable by the machinations of the Oxford halves Brace (whose head appears above the scrum in the background) and M. J. K. Smith.

some cheap international caps were won. Now the competition is so fierce that even the best cannot afford to relax if they hope to retain their places.

As recently as last summer, players like J. Butterfield, W. P. C. Davies and Douglas Baker were outstanding in a British Isles team which made an unprecedented impact on South Africa. Now they find themselves scratching to retain their places in the England side. Baker was omitted from the last two trials altogether, Davies was demoted to the "Rest" and Butterfield himself did not want for challengers.

In Wales, Scotland and Ireland it is the same. More and more players keep pressing upwards from below, ready to crack through the crust and take their place at the top. Not even a Cliff Morgan or O'Reilly can afford to feel complacent, however assured their reputations.

All this is as it should be, for every flow has its ebb, and the rugby tide is running strongly just now. We have seen an inter-'Varsity match once again really worthy of the name, and old Blues and others have rejoiced in their hearts. What is more, the machinations of the Oxford half-backs Brace and Smith, their bewildering interplay of scissors, dummy-scissors and general sleight of hand has set the theorists talking as never before in the writer's memory.

Each move was familiar enough individually, but only as a variant. It was their use collectively, as a basic pattern of play, that caused such a stir. R. C. P. Allaway, the Oxford captain, and one to be honoured, has admitted that the main object of the exercise was to confuse and trammel the Cambridge back-row forwards, known to be highly skilled. That it succeeded, mightily, this once, is undeniable. Whether it will do so again remains to be seen.

Theoretically, perhaps, it can be made to stand up. Practically, it may fall to the ground through lack of qualified practitioners. Not every scrum-half is a Brace, endowed with a magic wand. Nevertheless, one hopes to see more of it. For the spectator, schooled to so much stale bread, it made an appetising change of fare.

If all is well in the upper circles of the game, how fares it with the clubs? Mr. W. D. Gibbs, the reigning R.U. President, never tires of describing them as the "backbone" of the game, and who should know better? For over twenty-five years he was honorary secretary of the Old Millhillians R.F.C. Mr. Ramsay, last season's President, came from the same school, and old boys are claiming it as a unique honour. Says Mr. Gibbs, "It is club rugby, and the spirit it fosters among fellow members, that really matters." International matches he describes as "high-falutin'."

A NEW STAR RISES: Cutter, playing for Eastern Counties against Hampshire at Dagenham, gathers the ball in a line-out. This Wasps player has been one of the successes of the early part of this season.

CLUB RUGBY—THE BACKBONE OF THE GAME: Lee, the Wasps wing-three-quarter, is tackled by Thomas, of Guy's Hospital, in a game at Sudbury. Four of the Wasps forwards seem to be up to receive a possible inside pass.

If club spirit be the criterion—and surely Mr. Gibbs is right—the game, again, was never better. When the Wasps, for instance, can field around fourteen teams every Saturday; when its members labour all through the summer as emergency bricklayers, plumbers, mud-heavers and general men-of-all-work to build themselves a new stand, and a fine one at that; when the same sort of thing is being repeated all over the country in greater or lesser degree, what can be said to be wrong with club rugby? On what is put into a game depends what comes out. On that basis club rugby was never healthier.

To revert to the international matches, is this to be Wales's year, as form in South Africa might seem to indicate? Maybe, but keep an eye on Ireland, perennially, for some reason, dark horses. If not one of these two, then it might be England, of course, or Scotland, or France—who knows? Certainly not I, a mere critic, and no maker of petards for self-hoisting. We shall see what we shall see, and no doubt we shall see plenty.

WHO CLAIMS ENGLAND'S OLDEST INN?

There Appears to be a Lack of Information About the Oldest Inn in the Country. Some Reflections on Inns and Inn Signs Ancient and Modern

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RECENTLY I took part in a light entertainment, inaccurately described as a "Brains Trust." During the course of the evening, two questions concerning inns were directed at me. (Let me say at once that I did not take this as a reflection upon my personal appearance, but as a compliment, for I have been keenly interested in inns almost from my first conscious swallow.) I found myself unable to answer either of the questions, though I did make a tentative guess at the second. I have, therefore, been doing a good deal of research ever since.

The first question was fundamental: which is the oldest inn in England? I did not know, and I still do not know. None of the historians will commit himself, which can only mean that not one of the historians knows. And this is surely strange, for, as the late Thomas Burke said, "to write of the English inn is almost to write of England itself, so closely is the inn woven with the daily life of men of every degree, and with the gradual development of our land." Perhaps that is the difficulty: that the inn is older than history. Professor Richardson, the author of *The Old Inns of England*, does not seem to be of that opinion, for he says that "before the fourteenth century there had only been inns in the larger towns such as London, with a sprinkling of taverns and alehouses along the highways."

If that were really so, it should not, surely, be a matter of insurmountable difficulty to discover the oldest inn. But I am not convinced that it was really so. There is here, it seems to me, some splitting of hairs. I am well aware that, strictly speaking, an inn is "a public house for the lodging and entertainment of travellers, wayfarers, etc.," and that an alehouse caters for the entertainment, but not for the lodging, of travellers and wayfarers. But it is not possible to make a clear distinction between an inn and a tavern, and in any case there is no evidence that in the thirteenth century men were as careful in their speech and in their distinctions as the compilers of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. I think that Thomas Burke has the rights of the matter when he says "although the birth of the English inn cannot be documented, we may say with certainty that when the first fifty miles of road was cut through England the first English inn was born."

The Romans made roads. There were, indeed, roads in England long before the Romans, and some of them are in use to this day. But perhaps we should play for safety, and say that the first inns in England were Roman. As a matter of fact, we know that there were three sorts of inn in Roman times—*diversoria*, *bibula* and *taberna*—and traces of them have been found during excavations. And we know that the Saxons had their inns, for there exist decrees of Ethelbert and Ina for their good conduct and management. But, perhaps, these Saxons were no more than alehouses and did not cater for lodging wayfarers at all.

It is usually said that in the early days of travel the only shelter for the night available to the wayfarer was that afforded by hospitable nobles and religious houses. It may be so—it was certainly so for respectable travellers—but I suspect that many a Saxon alehouse provided lodging for wayfarers, who would not trust the hospitality of the local lord and had good reason for shunning that of Mother Church. They were, in fact, inns in the proper meaning of the word. In any case, it is as well to remember that "inn" is a Saxon word, meaning a chamber or set of chambers. If the inn in England did not come into being until well into Norman times, then one would expect to find it carrying a Norman name and not a Saxon one.

But all this does no more than indicate an ancient lineage for the English inn. We are no nearer establishing which is the oldest inn in England. Local lore, for once, is of no assistance. There are at least a score of inns which claim, or have claimed, to be the oldest in England, among them the Royal Oak at Winchester, the Seven Stars at Manchester, and the Fighting Cocks at St. Albans. Of these the Fighting Cocks has by far the best claim, but no records to prove that claim. It is too old for that. Parts of the existing building are said to go back to about 795—and this seems to be accepted by the authorities—but the Fighting Cocks has not always been an inn.

Cutting out that sort of tradition (but remembering that tradition is often well-founded), we come to the inns that can offer proof. The date of the building is not, of course, proof that what is now an inn was then an inn. The Angel at Grantham is very old—parts of it date back to 1213—and there is even more ancient work in The Bell at Finedon and The Ostrich at Colnbrook, and almost as ancient in The Maid's Head at Norwich and The George and Dragon at Speldhurst. There are a number of inns which show traces of fourteenth-century work, though it is usually tucked away out of sight, as, for example, in the cellars of The Mitre at Oxford and The Fleece at Gloucester.

But for proof, actual proof, of early existence as an inn, we have to go to The Angel at Blyth, in Nottinghamshire. Until the "Baedeker" raid we could turn to The Fountain at Canterbury for still earlier proof. A German ambassador stayed at The Fountain in 1129, and left this appreciation of his stay on record: "The inns in England are the best in Europe, those of Canterbury are the best in England, and the Fountain, wherein I am now lodged as handsomely as if I were in the King's Palace, the best in Canterbury." It is to be hoped that the landlord did not present a bill after receiving so generous a testimonial! And we also had here, as Thomas Burke has pointed out, the foundation of the Visitors' Book. The Fountain was destroyed, and so the honour—or at least the earliest proof—of being the oldest inn in England would seem to rest with The Angel at Blyth, a portion of which dates back to 1270 or thereabouts, and which can show a bill dated 1274.

The second questioner asked me if I could tell her the origin of the inn sign The Elephant and Castle. I could only tell her that the most popular solution to the problem is that it is derived from the crest of the Cutlers' Company, but that I did not feel very happy about this derivation myself. I notice that Mr. Brian Hill, a great authority, in his *Inn-Signia* (a volume in Whitbread's fascinating library), is more cautious than most and will not commit himself to more than "may come from the crest of the Cutlers' Company." I recall being told by E. V. Lucas that the name was a corruption of the Infanta of Castile, and that seems to me to be a much more romantic solution and every whit as sound. But it must be remembered that many inn signs can safely be identified with trades or callings—The Green Man (forest rangers), The Pick and Shovel (navvies), The Waggon and Horses (carters and carriers), for example—and that a number are undoubtedly taken from the arms of City Companies.

For all that, it is only right to say that all derivations from corruptions should be regarded with the utmost suspicion. The most famous of these is The Goat and Compasses, which is said to be a corruption of "God Encompasseth Us." I find this quite impossible to believe. Try saying it, and then imagine any landlord naming his inn thus. Mr. Hill suggests that it is more likely to have come from the arms of the Cordwainers' Company. The Bag o' Nails is said to be a corruption of the Bacchanals, which seems likely to me. But I absolutely refuse to believe that The Cat and Fiddle is a corruption of le Chat Fidèle. There is, after all, a famous nursery rhyme.

Most inn signs, of course, speak plainly for themselves. The Lions, the Bulls, the Feathers, the Greyhounds, the Boars and the White Harts all come from the crests of sovereigns. The Saracen's Heads, the Turk's Heads and the Crescents refer to the Crusades. All Royal Oaks refer to Charles's tree-climbing exploit, and all George and Dragons to our patron saint. Battles are commemorated in such names as The Alma and The Vigo, and great generals in such signs as The Hero of Lucknow, The Lord Clive and The Douglas Haig. Many a famous family is commemorated in the So-and-So Arms.

But, in this connection, we have a most curious corruption. There are, up and down the country, a great many inns called the Nelson Arms. Originally, there were two signs to honour the Admiral—the Lord Nelson and the Nelson's Arm. It is the latter that has become the Nelson Arms, and a pleasant little piece of history has been lost. Of modern signs commemorating history I think that two of the most delightful are The Belisha Beacon at Gillingham (very few politicians have been honoured with an inn sign) and The Ordinary Fellow at Chatham. The "ordinary fellow" was, of course, King George V—his own description of himself.

And then there are the signs which display a rather cynical sense of humour—or maybe a very shrewd eye. The Silent Woman and The Quiet both show a headless female body: The Honest Lawyer shows a headless male body: The Labour in Vain shows two women scrubbing a negro. But perhaps the most delightful, and certainly the most apt, of inn signs in humorous vein is The Open Arms. Among modern signs in this category the palm must go, I think, to The Startled Saint at West Malling. St. Leonard is the saint associated with West Malling and he is shown with aeroplanes flying around his head.

Inn signs form an almost inexhaustible subject, for they cover almost every aspect of English history and social history, and almost every facet of the English character. There are many signs which, like The Elephant and Castle, give endless opportunities for guessing: strange and ridiculous combinations like the familiar Pig and Whistle, and the much less familiar The Leg and Seven Stars, The Bull and Mouth, The Cat and Parrot, The Cat and Bagpipes, The Flatiron and Frog, The Black Boy and Stomachache, and many others. Addison, writing in 1710, tells us that it was the custom for a publican setting up for himself to add to his sign that of the master to whom he had been apprenticed, and it was certainly the custom, when there was a merging of two licences, for the names of the two inns to be joined together.

No doubt such practices account for many of the very odd combinations that occur in English inn signs, but I do not think that they could possibly account for The Black Boy and Stomachache. I have never come on a derivation for this extraordinary name, and I should be very interested to hear from anyone who has.

THE HISTORIC GEORGE AND DRAGON INN AT HOUGHTON, NEAR ARUNDEL, SUSSEX: It is claimed that in this very inn, King Charles II took his last glass of English ale before leaving for exile in France in 1651.

ONE OF THE OLDEST INNS IN ENGLAND: The Fighting Cocks Inn at St. Albans is a half-timbered octagonal house. Parts of it are said to date to about 795.

IN THE PICTURESQUE TOWN OF RYE: The Mermaid Inn at Rye, Sussex, is a popular attraction for visitors. It is a fifteenth-century building and has been restored.

TANK TRACKS ARE HOISTED ABOARD IN LIVERPOOL : The docker signals the crane to lift part of a consignment destined for Egypt in the ship *Star of Suez*. Sir Anthony Eden has stated that the cargo is one which is authorised by the British Government.

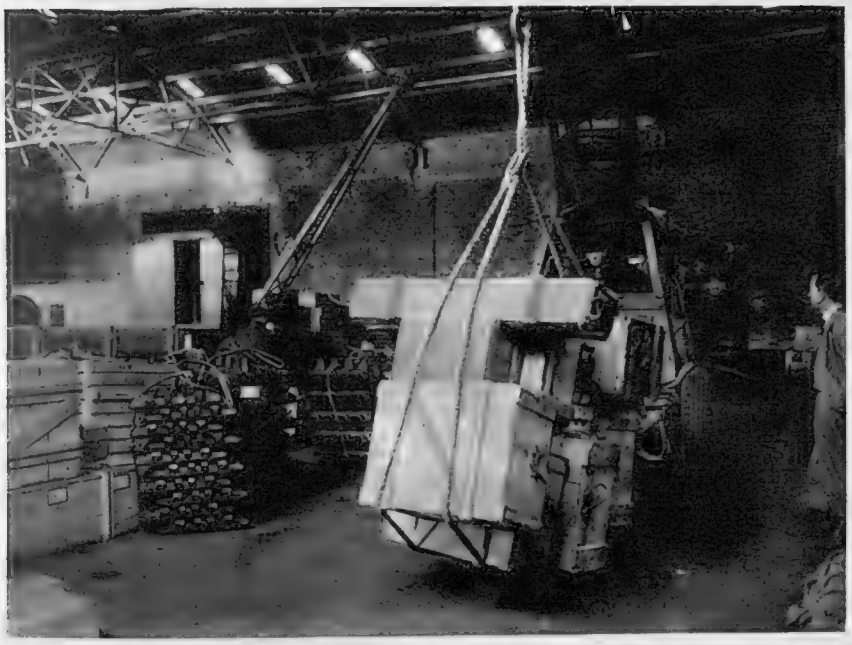
AN ASSORTMENT OF ARMS FOR EGYPT: The various items are being checked as they lie in the Alexandra Dock at Liverpool before being loaded for Egypt into the *Star of Suez*, seen through the opening of the shed. Besides arms, the cargo contains wireless components.

ARMS FOR THE MIDDLE EAST

War Materials are Loaded in British and Belgian Ports for Egypt and Israel

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell has shown himself to be an energetic Leader of the Opposition within a short time of his election to the post. Last week he saw the Prime Minister regarding the export of arms to the Middle East. Sir Anthony Eden agreed on the need for a White Paper on the export of surplus war material, but refused the Labour leader's request for an early recall of Parliament.

The Government is fully entitled under various agreements with Middle Eastern countries to allow the export of certain quantities of war materials. Where the issue becomes complicated is that, apparently, certain private individuals have been buying old tanks and other weapons, reconditioning them, and exporting them to Egypt and Israel. The White Paper to Parliament should be regarded as only part of the Government's intention to stop any unauthorised arms trading.



On left—
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY TONS OF ARMS : The cases being lifted are some of the 250 tons for Egypt.

On right—
AN "AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT" IS LOADED IN ANTWERP : This Sherman tank is one of many which was sold as an "agricultural implement." Reconditioned in Antwerp, it is being shipped to Egypt.

SCRAP WHICH CAN BE RECONDITIONED : The tank lies on the quayside in Antwerp. It may appear to be fit only for the scrap heap. But it is reported that 151 obsolete tanks arriving in the Belgian port have been reconditioned and sent to Egypt. Many of these tanks were imported into Belgium from Britain. The whole question of the dispatch of arms from Britain is now under review.

MILITARY AIRCRAFT ENGINES FOR ISRAEL : Some of the crates contain engines which in former years would have powered the Mosquito aircraft of the Royal Air Force, now obsolete in the Service. They are lying in London docks awaiting shipment to Israel.

CEREMONIAL IN MONROVIA

The Colourful Inauguration of the Liberian President in the Capital of the Negro Republic

AN IMPORTANT DIPLOMATIC OCCASION: President Tubman greets the diplomatic representatives at the inauguration in Monrovia. With him are, from right, the President's chaplain; Mr. Henries, Speaker of the House of Representatives; and Vice-President Tolbert.

The inauguration of President William V. S. Tubman for a third term of office was the occasion for colourful festivity in the capital of the negro Republic. After prayers and the actual inauguration, both President and Vice-President marched through the streets of Monrovia to the music of massed bands. Above them were floral arches, pennants and flags, and on the pavements stood thousands, who had waited patiently in a tropical downpour. This, in fact, was only the beginning of eight days of celebration. In the programme were included a ball and banquet, African dancing and an agricultural fair. To pay tribute to the eighteenth President of Liberia, and, indeed, to the negro State itself, now in the 110th year of its existence, there came delegates from far and near.

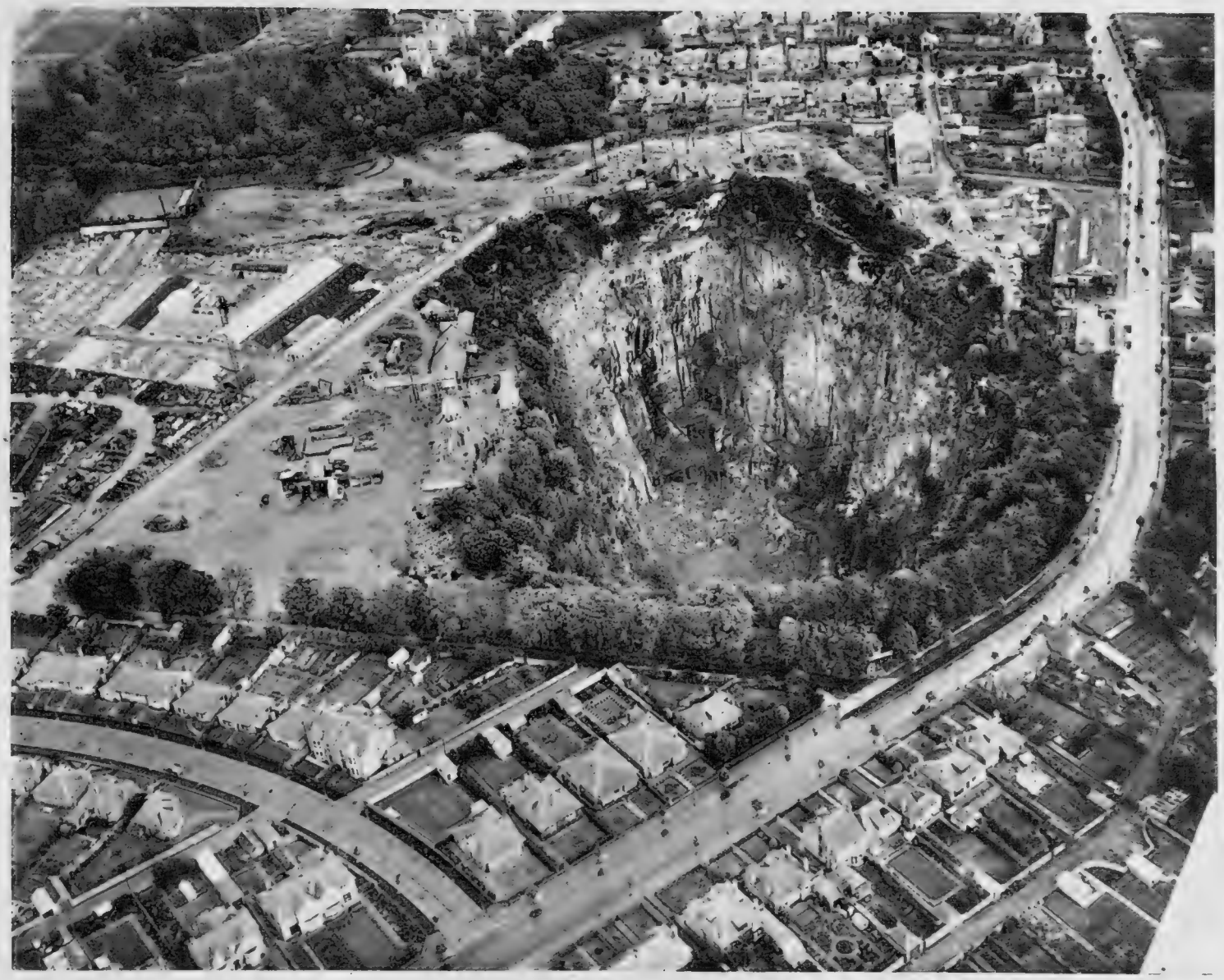
THE VICE-PRESIDENT TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE: Mr. William R. Tolbert kisses the volume held out to him by President Tubman. Both renewed their oaths of office in the Centennial Memorial Pavilion at Monrovia, before parading on foot through the streets of the Liberian capital. The representatives of thirty-five nations attended these ceremonies.

On right—

INAUGURATED FOR A THIRD TERM: President Tubman kneels at prayer during the inauguration ceremonies in Monrovia last week. Mr. Tubman, who is sixty, began his first term of eight years in office in 1944. He has since been twice re-elected to terms of four years each.

A SERVICE OF INTERCESSION: The Vice-President, Mr. Tolbert, in the First Methodist Church in Monrovia, at the service which followed the inauguration. With him are, left, Mrs. Tubman, and Mrs. Tolbert.

THE VERY WELCOME "INAUGURATION SOUVENIR": President Tubman cools himself with a fan specially provided to commemorate the occasion. The inauguration ceremonies were conducted in a tropical downpour; the weather was hot and humid throughout.



A SOURCE OF GRANITE IN ABERDEEN : This aerial picture shows the vast cavity, which is 450 ft. deep, of the Rubislaw Quarry. In it and around it are the mechanical structures and devices which help in its working. From the centre foreground Queen's Road runs up on the right. Aberdeen is sometimes known as the "Granite City" because of the large number of buildings in it constructed of this local stone.

WEALTH FROM QUARRYING

In Britain the Open Cutting of Many Types of Stone is One of the Oldest Industries ; To-day its Products are Put to Numerous Uses Besides Building

By GODFREY HARRISON

HOW much of the wealth of every nation lies beneath its feet ? And how far has human life been shaped by the varied substance of the earth ? The progress of civilisation is marked by the names of minerals—stone ; iron ; bronze : and it is said that we live to-day in the age of another mineral, oil.

Quarrying is among the industries born in pre-history. The oldest trade routes known in Britain radiate from the flint workings of the Eastern Counties. Tin, one of the country's first exports, brought Phœnician traders from Tyre through the storms of Biscay to the Cornish cliffs. (In later times, if the lovely legend is true, it brought the merchant Joseph of Arimathæa, and so caused the foundation on English soil of the first of all Christian churches.)

Like many words which designate basic activities, "quarrying" calls for definition. Generally, it refers to the open cut as opposed to deep-shaft mining. In this sense tin was quarried in Phœnician times. But, to bring the subject within bounds, we must narrow our terms of reference further and exclude metal ores—though ironstone, source of our most important metal, comes from open workings. Clay, a soft material which can be lifted by bucket excavators or mixed with water and pumped ; and sand and gravel, which (though by weight of output the largest single section of the quarrying industry) do not require to be cut from the mother material. Salt also falls into a separate category, coming mainly from mines.

This leaves us with stone, the basic solid substance of the earth's crust. (Yet even here there are exceptions : the famous Beer stone of Dorset is won from deep shafts.)

Our geological heritage represents much more than material wealth. The rich feast of British landscape offers a variety in the shapes of hills, in colour and quality of soil, in vegetation, and in insect, bird and animal life. A journey from one county to the next is an adventure for any fairly observant person. This is due primarily to the fact that our island is a complete geological museum : there is no major period, from the Pre-Cambrian onwards, that is not represented within its small compass.

The variety of human life and character is no less a product of environment. And among the formative influences none perhaps is more powerful than that of the homes in which men live. During the great periods of history most of our ancestors lived in houses built of stone from a neighbouring quarry. The builder responded instinctively to the peculiar character of that stone, and evolved an architecture that belongs to its own countryside. The resulting forms and the colour and texture of the stone were the main background of social life. This simple process also produced—how could it fail to do so ?—a lively harmony in cottage, village and country town which we, with our greater resources, strive to imitate in vain.

QUARRYING IN STAFFORDSHIRE : The quarry at Rowley Regis is another source of granite. A few hundred yards from the other side of the outcrop are factories and farmlands. Britain's quarrying industry is widely distributed and serves many markets with its varied products.

Modern life tends in many ways to iron out local differences. The new materials of construction—concrete and steel—have standard properties : their characteristic architectural forms, if they have any, are the same from Land's End to John o' Groats. A modern building takes shape, not under the mason's hand, but on the architect's drawing-board. No doubt there are economic reasons why all this must be. Perhaps, on the other hand, we shall realise one day that we cannot afford entirely to lose the old individuality.

Meanwhile, stone is the main constituent of concrete ; and for facings, steps, doorways, chimney breasts, terraces and garden paths—wherever we want extreme durability or a touch of particular character—we resort to the native stone. In sculpture, decorative carving and mosaic the artist and craftsman delight, as did their predecessors in every age, to exploit the infinite variety of colour, texture and consistency produced in the earth's crust.

The products of the quarries have many uses apart from building. This great industry supplies materials essential to a vast number of other industries. Its wide

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A QUARRY FACE IS BLASTED : The three pictures above show the sequence of events. *Top*—The face has been drilled and packed with explosives. *Centre*—The charges have been set off and the avalanche comes down. *Bottom*—Piles of stone are ready to be loaded by excavators into dumpers and taken to the crushing station.

PREPARATIONS FOR "REAMING" : Wedges and rails have been inserted into the stone in readiness for lifting the block from its bed. This process is "reaming." The block will probably be sawn for masonry.

WEALTH FROM QUARRYING

(*Continued from previous page*)

distribution is determined partly by the location of its many markets, but mainly by its sources of supply; and these are the outcome of geological causes.

Because the prevailing slope of the strata which form our island runs down towards the east, the oldest formations tend to outcrop on the western side. These are the igneous rocks, formed by the cooling of the molten magma. They are naturally hard, though the oldest of all—the pre-Cambrian rocks of the Highlands and south-western England—are so fractured by earth movements as to be of little use in building. (Rocks whose nature has been substantially changed by pressure or heat are called metamorphic.)

All later formations, from the Silurian to the Cretaceous, have their place in Britain's buildings. The typical igneous rock is granite, which is found chiefly in Devon, Cornwall and (an exception to the general westward trend) Aberdeenshire. Another instance is the basaltic stone of which much of Hadrian's Wall is built. These hard stones were in great demand in days when buildings were meant to last virtually for all time. They require too much labour in working to be very popular as structural materials to-day, but are acknowledged supreme for facing.

The other main group consists of the sedimentary rocks, formed originally in flat layers by accumulation of solid particles on the bed of an ancient sea, compressed by the weight of successive deposits above them. The particles forming these sediments were in some instances fragments of older rocks, worn away by the action of waves on a shore, or detached from a mountain-top by succession of heat and frost, wind and rain, and carried down by a river; in other cases they were the shells or bony parts of minute marine animals.

THE PRODUCTION OF CRUSHED STONE : Victor Coverley-Price has drawn his impression of a typical large quarry in Britain which produces crushed stone. Above the quarry face are three important machines. The first two from the left are concerned with drilling holes for blasting. The one on the right controls the dragline for removing the overburden. On the right-hand side in the quarry, piles of stone, from blasting operations, are being loaded by excavators into dumpers. These vehicles take the stone to the crushing plants, joined by conveyers in the centre on the left.

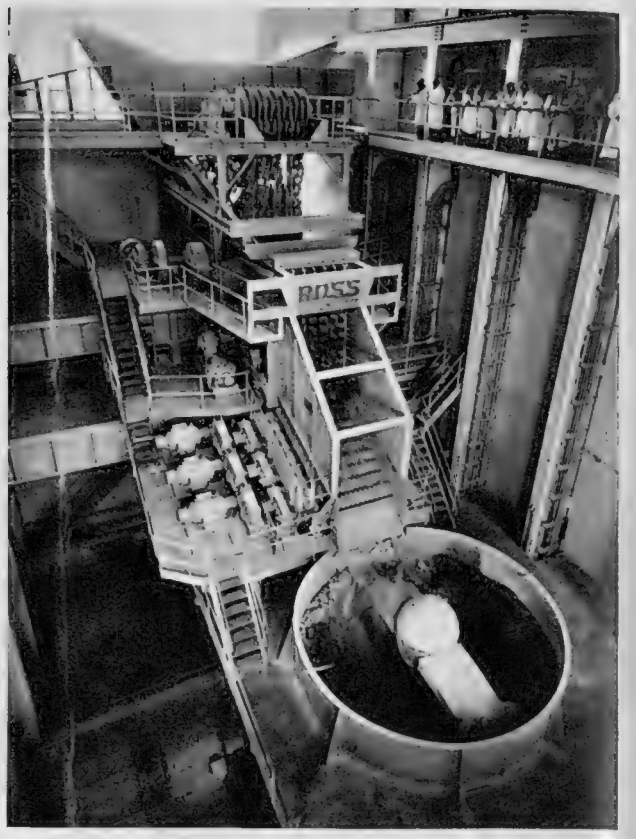
A BLOCK OF STONE MAY SURVIVE FOR CENTURIES : It has been cut out and is being hoisted from its bed. It may be used in a building which may last for centuries.

Slate is a sedimentary rock composed mainly of inorganic materials—mud and clay, though it also contains fossil remains of extremely primitive forms of life. It was laid down very early in geological time, on the beds of deep seas. Later contortions of the earth's crust subjected it to enormous pressure, resulting in the regular cleavage which is characteristic. This, combined with extreme hardness and resistance to damp, make slate an ideal roofing material. Its many distinctive colours—blues, greens, reds and purples—are due to the presence of various oxides of iron and manganese. Each colour, when used in its native district, makes a perfect harmony with its setting. Many fine incised carvings have also been made in slate. Some slate tombstones in the

(*Continued on following page*)

A WALKING DRAGLINE : It is of the type known as W.1400 and is operating on a two-bench system at the extreme end of Priors Hall South Quarry at Stewarts and Lloyds, Corby, Northamptonshire. The weight of this machine is 1,650 tons and its boom is 282 ft. long. The bucket has a capacity of 20 cubic yards.

QUARRYING AND BURNING LIMESTONE : At the works at Blencow, near Penrith, in Cumberland, the stone is quarried and taken to the kilns, where it is processed for agricultural use. When limestone is employed in building its texture sometimes becomes so polished that it is mistaken for marble.



A CRUSHER : This essential machine for the products of quarrying works on a gyratory principle. Driven by a 400-h.p. electric motor, it can handle 1,400 tons per hour. It is American-built and installed in a works in Derbyshire.

WEALTH FROM QUARRYING

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West Country preserve the smallest scratch made centuries ago.

The great centre of slate-quarrying in Britain is among the Cambrian and Silurian formations of North Wales, where the industry can be traced back over 800 years. There is slate in Cornwall also, and small quantities are produced in Westmorland.

The peculiar qualities of marble are the result of metamorphosis of igneous or sedimentary rocks through pressure or heat. The Devonian marbles of the West Country show some of the loveliest colours in the world—pink, dove-grey, cream and green—with beautiful figurings, and a surface that takes a fine polish.

Limestone and sandstone are the most important building stones to-day. Sedimentary in origin, they are generally much easier to work than granite. Sandstone particularly can be sawn at the quarry into slabs suitable for steps, sills, pavings and copings. On the other hand, being porous, it does not polish well. It is found in large, deep deposits in Cumberland, Yorkshire, Lancashire and Derbyshire, and in many colours.

Limestone, formed by creatures living in clear water, tends to clearer, lighter colours ; and some varieties polish so well that they usurp the name of " marble." The great limestone deposits of England stretch southward from the Peak District through the Cotswolds and Chilterns to Dorset and Kent. These also show great variety of tone, colour and texture.

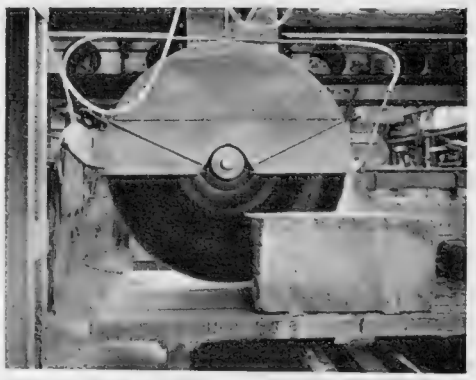
Masonry, however, is only one of the many uses of stone. The Romans used it for their great roads, whose routes can be closely related to the sites of our most ancient quarries. Stone roads are associated with the names of MacAdam and other great engineers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. And the roads of to-day, whether concrete or bitumenised, consist essentially of stone.

Concrete—in partnership with steel the modern material for construction—is simply a mixture of different sizes of gravel or broken stone held together by cement. Much of the stone quarried to-day is crushed for this purpose. A sad come-down, perhaps, from the days when great blocks, carefully hewn and meticulously shaped, formed the fabric of a Roman temple or a Gothic cathedral's soaring buttresses.

A concrete structure is a product of science and great skill, not only in design and fabrication, but also in the making of the material. Its strength is determined by an accurate proportion of carefully graded sizes, plus an equally exact percentage of cement. The quality of the stone, too, must reach a certain standard laid down by the British Standards Institution.

It must be added that limestone is a basic material of a hundred industries. With its cousin, chalk—another product of the teeming life of the sea—it is the source of lime, a necessity in agriculture and chemical manufacture. Lime is the basis of plaster and cement. It takes part in the processing of textiles, paper, leather and sugar, in the manufacture of glass, ceramics and plastics, the refining of oil and petroleum chemicals, in gas production and water purification. The finest limestone powder is a constituent in cosmetics. Huge quantities of limestone are used in the smelting of iron.

The quarrying industry therefore is widely distributed and diverse in its organisation. There are hundreds of small quarries producing road material for use nearby. There are quarries opened *ad hoc* to provide concrete aggregate for a particular civil engineering work such as the Scottish hydro-electric schemes. A few of the largest and finest quarries are owned by the companies which use their products—the colossi of steel, chemicals and cement.



CUTTING PORTLAND STONE : In the apparatus in one of Britain's famous quarries, the circular blade is cooled by water. This ensures a clean cut through the block.

DRILLING INTO ROCK : An Atlas RH7541W rock drill is at work. This drill is employed with great success all over the world. Its performance maintains a high standard in all sorts of conditions.

EXCAVATOR AND DUMPER : The stone blasted from the rock-face is being loaded into a Euclid 22-ton rear dump wagon. This British-built vehicle will carry it to the crushing station.

Some of our illustrations show a typical modern quarry producing mainly crushed and graded stone for road-making, concrete aggregate and similar purposes. The site has been carefully chosen after geological surveys to assess the amount and quality of stone available, and with reference to proximity to markets. The first cut was made into the slope of a hill so as to avoid excavation on two sides and to provide easy access for lorries.

The overburden of soil, which may be from 6 ins. to 3 ft. or more in depth, is removed by scraper-excavators or draglines. This is generally done at intervals, a strip being cleared of sufficient width from the top of the quarry face to allow for six or twelve months' working. Next, in preparation for blasting, the drills are set to work. The holes are drilled vertically downwards, from 12 to 20 ft. back from the quarry face, and some 15 ft. apart. They are then packed with explosive and the charge is detonated.

Not infrequently a complete face is blasted at one time. A solid rectangular mass, 100 ft. high and several hundred yards long, is sliced from the face of the living rock to crash in heaps of fragments at its base. (There is, however, a legal limit to the height of the working face. It is fixed for safety's sake by the Ministry of Fuel. Quarries come also under the control of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.)

The scene on the quarry floor is a busy one. Mechanical excavators shove their jaws into the piles of broken stone, take 2 tons or so at a mouthful and drop it into one of the giant dumpers which carry 15-ton loads to the crushing station.

A big crushing plant can handle 100 tons an hour. Speed and power, racket and dust are the first impressions one receives. Not so evident is the exact control which ensures a specified range of products with minimum wastage.

First comes a vibrating screen which removes the major proportion of dirt. Next, the primary crusher reduces the fragments to, say, 6 ins. maximum. Thence the stone travels on a conveyer to the first screening plant. This is elevated so that the graded fragments fall into bins below. The larger sizes are carried on to the secondary crusher, which can be adjusted according to the ultimate sizes required. Another conveyer carries the crushed material up to a second screening plant, where it is joined by the smaller fragments extracted by the first screen. Here the final sizing is carried out. The screened stone drops into a row of bins, each of which receives a product accurately selected to determined limits of size.

A different technique is, of course, used in quarrying stone for masonry. In this case, drilling and blasting are carried out so as to result in roughly rectangular blocks, which are reduced to the shape and size required by sawing and trimming. Many large quarries produce both blocks and crushed stone, while others supply materials to agriculture and manufacturing industries.

THE LAWERS DAM IN A BLIZZARD : A general view through a snow-squall of the new buttress-type dam at Lochan na Lairige, in Perthshire, on which progress is being made. The dam is part of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's £3,000,000 Lawers scheme, designed to produce 80,000,000 units of electricity each year.

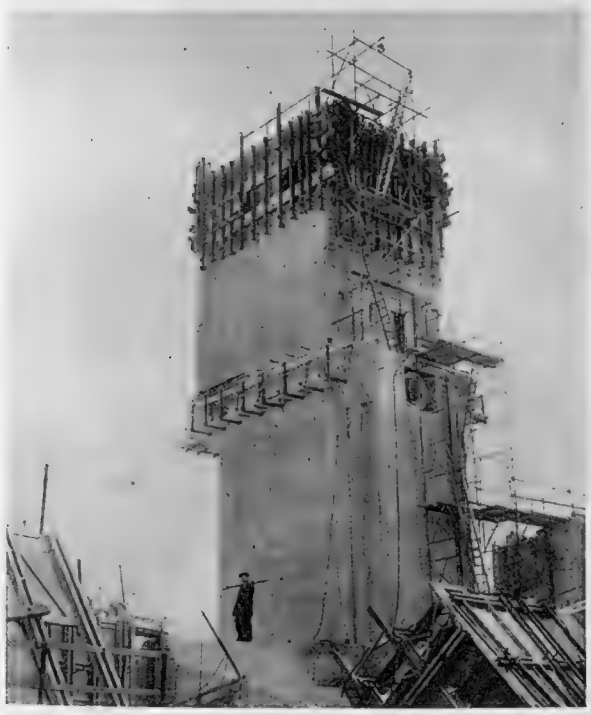
BUILDING A DAM IN WINTER

Work Proceeds in All Weathers on the Lawers Dam, which Forms Part of the Breadalbane Hydro-electric Scheme in Perthshire

The hydro-electric development scheme, of which the Lawers project is merely the first instalment, envisages the construction of eight power stations in the area between Loch Earn, Loch Tay, and Glen Lyon, in Perthshire. It is estimated that the total capacity will be 118,500 kilowatts and the average annual output 384,000,000 units of electricity.

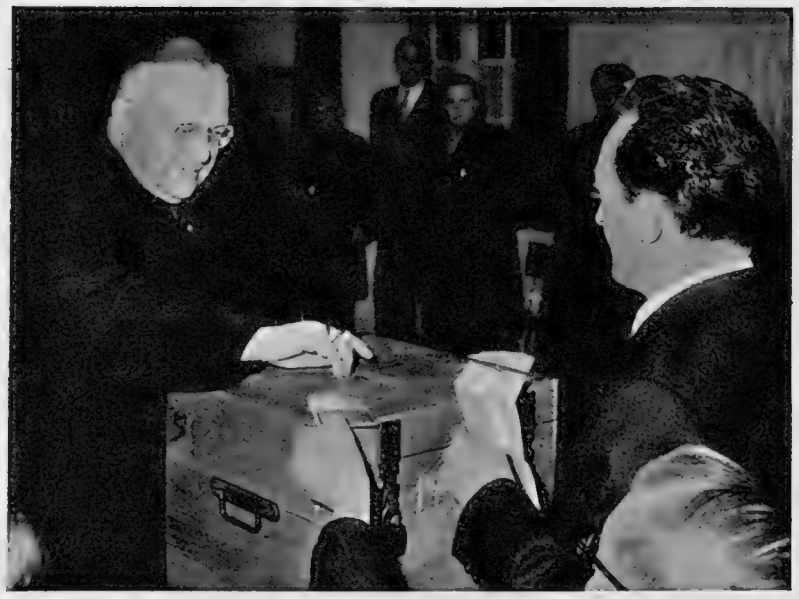
The Lawers Dam—1,250 ft. in length and 130 ft. high—will convert Lochan na Lairige into a reservoir with a storage capacity for 2,800,000,000 gallons. Rainfall will be diverted into this loch from a catchment area of 17 sq. miles, comprising the Ben Lawers range of mountains along the northern shore of Loch Tay.

WORKING IN ICY CONDITIONS : The high altitude at which the dam is being built exposes the workmen at this time of the year to bitter weather, with gale-force winds.

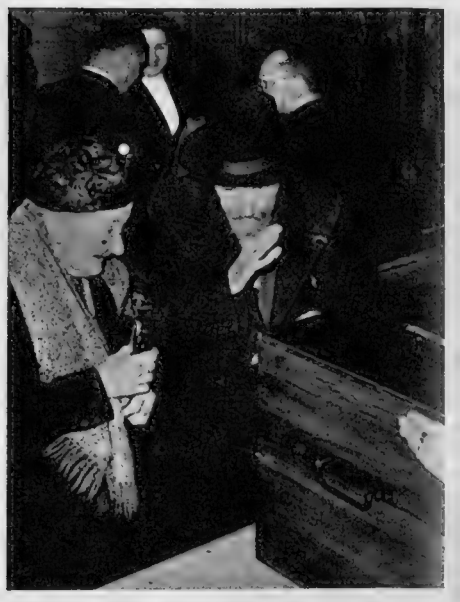


THE BUTTRESSES STAND READY : Some of the sluice-gate buttresses that form the main core of the Lawers Dam. The work should be completed by the end of this year. *On left*—A view of the main gatehouse. This will control the overflow pipes and the amount of water diverted to Finlarig power station, on the shore of Loch Tay.

THE PRESIDENT LEADS THE NATION TO THE POLLS : M. René Coty drops his ballot at a polling booth near the Elysée Palace, in Paris.



A LEADER OF THE CHURCH MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN : Cardinal Feltin, the Archbishop of Paris, at a polling station in his city. A feature of the results was the loss of ground by the Catholic M.R.P. Party.



WHICH WAY SHALL I VOTE ? A last-minute discussion between an old couple at Choisy-le-Roi, the Parisian suburb.

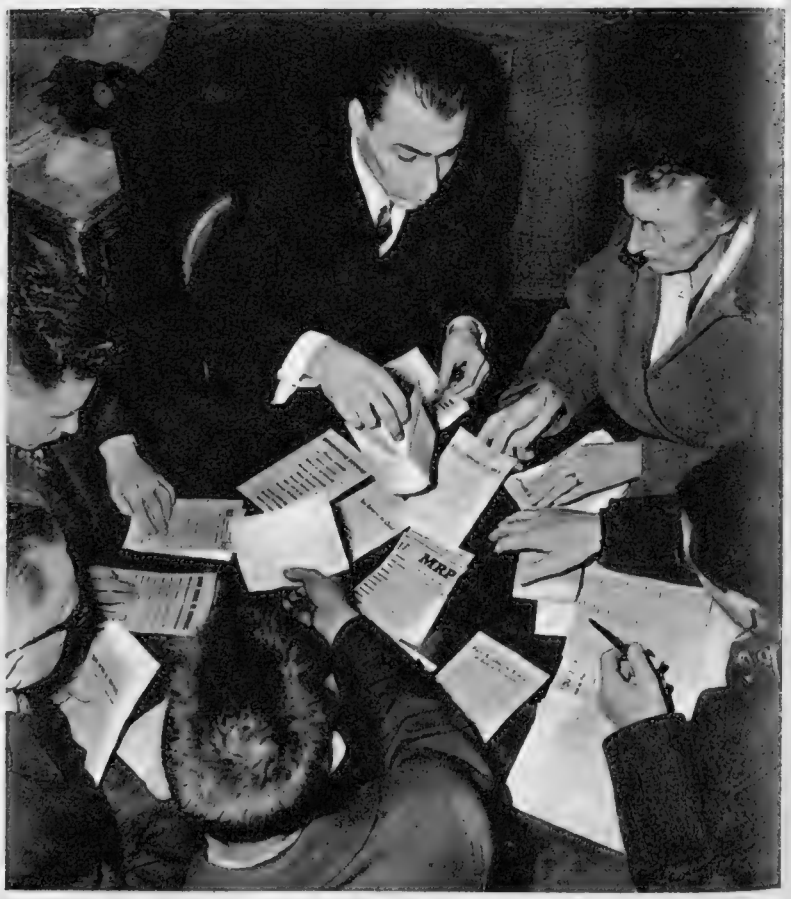
FRANCE AT THE POLLS

Scenes in and Around Paris last Week as the Nation Elected a New National Assembly

It is said that a nation gets the Government it deserves, but it might equally be said that a Government gets the electorate it deserves. After more than four years of a National Assembly, which members of all parties have for years described as "impossible," it would have been surprising if the French electorate had last week given this institution a vote of confidence. In effect, the results of the election show that the people of France consider the Assembly to be just as impossible as the political representatives do. One-third of the seats in the new Assembly have gone to parties whose avowed intent is to overthrow constitutional methods. The remaining two-thirds are split fairly evenly between Socialists, Radicals, M.R.P. and the various Conservative groups. Where the difficulty in forming a Government will lie will be in the amount of support any party is prepared to receive from the Communists. A further complication is the now apparently implacable personal animosity between M. Mendès-France and the out-going Premier, M. Faure. Between them they control more than seventy Radical Deputies, and M. Mendès-France has the larger share ; but his followers are not numerous enough to dominate the Radical Party, as M. Mendès-France had no doubt hoped.

A BABY-IN-ARMS GETS HER FIRST VIEW OF FRENCH DEMOCRACY : A voter in Louveciennes, a small town west of Paris, drops her ballot into the box with one hand and holds her sixteen-month-old baby with the other.

IT 'S ALL OVER : The scene in the French Home Ministry in Paris as the last results of the election trickle through. At first there was great excitement. Now only a handful of reporters remain, and the sack-loads of waste paper are gathered together.



COUNTING THE VOTES : Election workers in a Parisian arrondissement get down to the counting. The elector had put the "list" supplied by the Party of his choice into an envelope and then into the ballot box.

THE RISE OF POUJADE

The Small Shopkeeper Whose Support by Nearly 2,500,000 Voters was the Surprise Shock of the French Elections

The importance of Pierre Poujade lies not so much in the fact that his followers have won fifty-two seats in the National Assembly but that nearly 2,500,000 French electors were prepared to vote for them. The Poujadist candidates made it quite clear in their election manifestos that, if elected, they would not vote in the Assembly, nor take any part in its proceedings which would materially help to maintain the present Parliamentary institutions. Pierre Poujade himself is a small shopkeeper, aged thirty-five, who came into prominence last year by his refusal to pay taxes, and by the manner in which he rallied others to this cause. His party may never make a profound impact on French politics, and its representatives in the Assembly may gradually fade away. But Poujade has had his hour of triumph, and has high-lighted the real grievance of the French people: not against taxes, but against the system of Government which imposes them without giving adequate returns.

PIERRE POUJADE IN THE LIMELIGHT: The provincial shopkeeper who finds himself at the head of a party with 52 representatives in the National Assembly, gives a Press conference. Before the election M. Poujade was dismissed by politicians as a demagogue with little chance of success.

On right—

BACK TO ACTIVE POLITICS: M. Paul Ramadier, who was Socialist Prime Minister in 1947, was re-elected after over four years' absence from the National Assembly. He has called for a bold man to lead a Government to "inspire hearts and minds."

NOT MUCH DOUBT HOW HE IS VOTING: M. Maurice Thorez, the leader of the French Communist Party (left), votes in Paris. There are over 150 Communist Deputies who polled just a quarter of all the votes—a slightly smaller proportion than in 1951.

M. FAURE HAS ELECTION RESULTS WITH HIS DINNER: The outgoing Premier and his wife in Paris as the first election results are brought to them. M. Faure had earlier cast his vote in his own constituency in the Jura, in south-east France.

M. MENDÈS-FRANCE WAITS HIS TURN: Although he is Mayor of the town, the French Radical leader and former Prime Minister has to stand in the queue to cast his vote at Louviers. He is still the strongest personality in France.

ON THE PINNACLES OF THE FARNE ISLANDS SEA-BIRDS FIND SANCTUARY: Kittiwakes nest on the sheer cliffs of Staple Island, off the Northumbrian coast, opposite Bamburgh. This is one of the thirty islands which comprise the Farne Islands. Grey seals have made the islands a breeding-ground, while many birds nest there.

TOO MANY SEALS ON THE FARNES?

The Islands off the Northumbrian Coast which Shelter Birds and Grey Seals have become the Centre of a Controversy

For some years past the Farne Islands have been the breeding-ground of the grey seal, an animal comparatively rare, but with a remarkable propensity for increasing its species. Last winter, at the beginning of the breeding season, some 800 bull, cow and pup seals were counted on these islands off the coast of Northumberland. This season there are many more, and the numbers are likely to increase. Last year there were complaints, which finally reached the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, that seals based on the Farne Islands were preying on salmon in Berwick Bay. Many of the salmon caught during the year were found to have seal bites on them. On one stretch of the Tweed 14 per cent. were reported to be so affected. Permission was sought to shoot seals on the Farne Islands, on the assumption that it is the large increase in the seal population that is causing the animals to raid salmon. It is argued, however, that such action is unnecessarily drastic, and the suggestion has been made that it would be sufficient to shoot at the seals only when they are actually raiding the salmon runs. This would kill a few determined raiders and frighten away the remainder. In any case, it is unlikely that the National Trust, in whose care the Farne Islands stand, would give permission for shooting to take place. The islands are still a sanctuary in every sense of the word for a score of bird species, as well as for these remarkable grey seals.

FAST ASLEEP: This baby seal on Wamses Island, like most of its kind, spends much of its young days sleeping. The seals grow from 28 lb. at birth to 100 lb. after a month, and later may weigh 600 lb.

THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY: A visitor to Wamses Island plays with a seal pup which is about a week old. The Farne Islands are National Trust property, and open to visitors. It has been stated that some of the seals from the Farnes prey upon salmon in Berwick Bay, and permission has been requested to shoot them.

GRACE DARLING'S LIGHTHOUSE: On Longstone is the lighthouse of which Grace Darling's father was the keeper, and from which she set out on her immortal rescue in 1838. The Longstone is one of the most easterly of the Farne Islands; in the distance is seen the Inner Farne.

On right and *below*—

THE RAPIDLY-INCREASING SEAL POPULATION OF THE ISLANDS: The young pups lie in the sun, generally asleep and often snoring loudly. On Outer Farne last year 800 bull, cow and pup seals were counted, but the numbers are believed to have increased considerably since then. The pups are born in the cold weather of November and December.

ON AND UNDER THE SEA

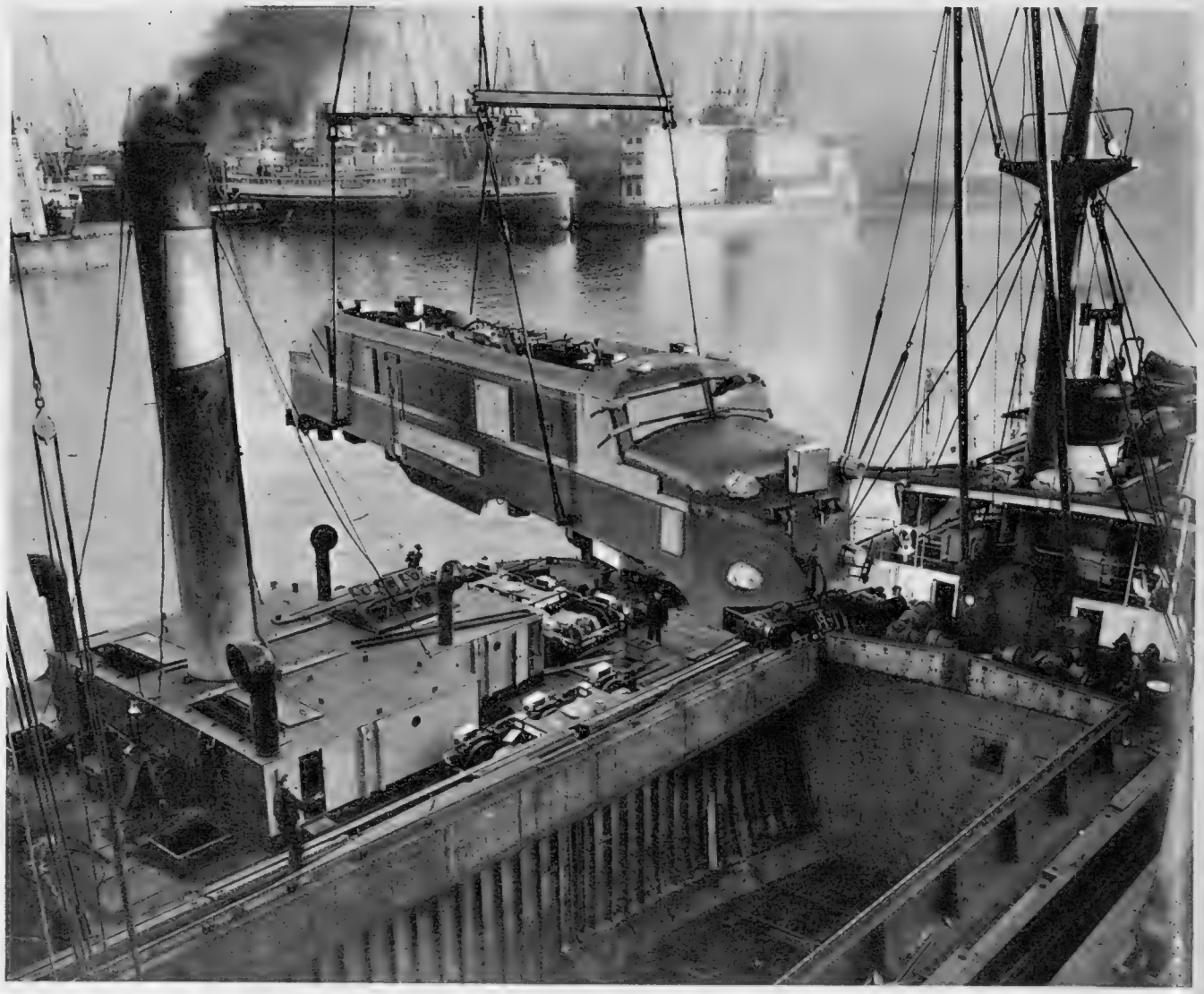
A Locomotive is Shipped from Liverpool; a Fifth Trawler for Russia; a Midget Submarine at Sea

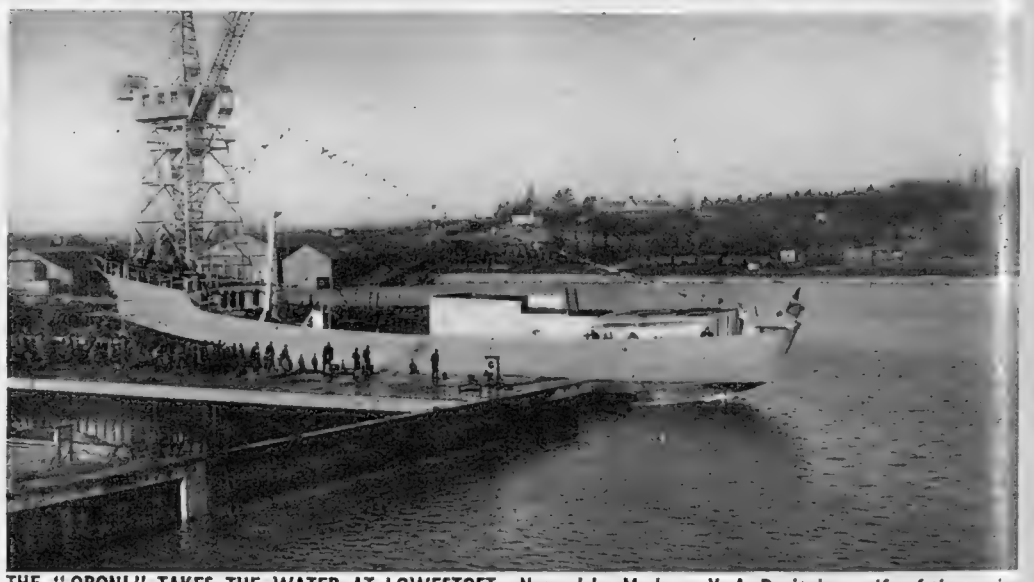
On right—

AN ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE IS DESPATCHED TO SPAIN: The last of an order of sixty electric locomotives, supplied by the English Electric Company for Spanish National Railways, is seen being lifted aboard the S.S. *Sound Fisher* at the Gladstone Dock, Liverpool, for shipment to Musel, in North Spain. The 3,600-h.p. locomotives are the largest of their type to be built in Britain, the mechanical parts being supplied by the Vulcan Foundry at Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, and the electrical equipment by the English Electric works at Preston. Some of the locomotives are already operating in the Asturias coalfields on severe gradients which formerly limited the capacity with steam traction.

Below—

A COMPLETE PREFABRICATED STERN SECTION FOR A RUSSIAN TRAWLER: It is being swung into position for fixing on the M.T. *Oronj* at the Brooke Marine Shipyard, in Lowestoft. This operation was completed just three weeks before the launch of the ship, which is the flotilla leader of the four other trawlers launched during recent months. Altogether, Brooke Marine, Limited, are constructing twenty trawlers for the Soviet Union.





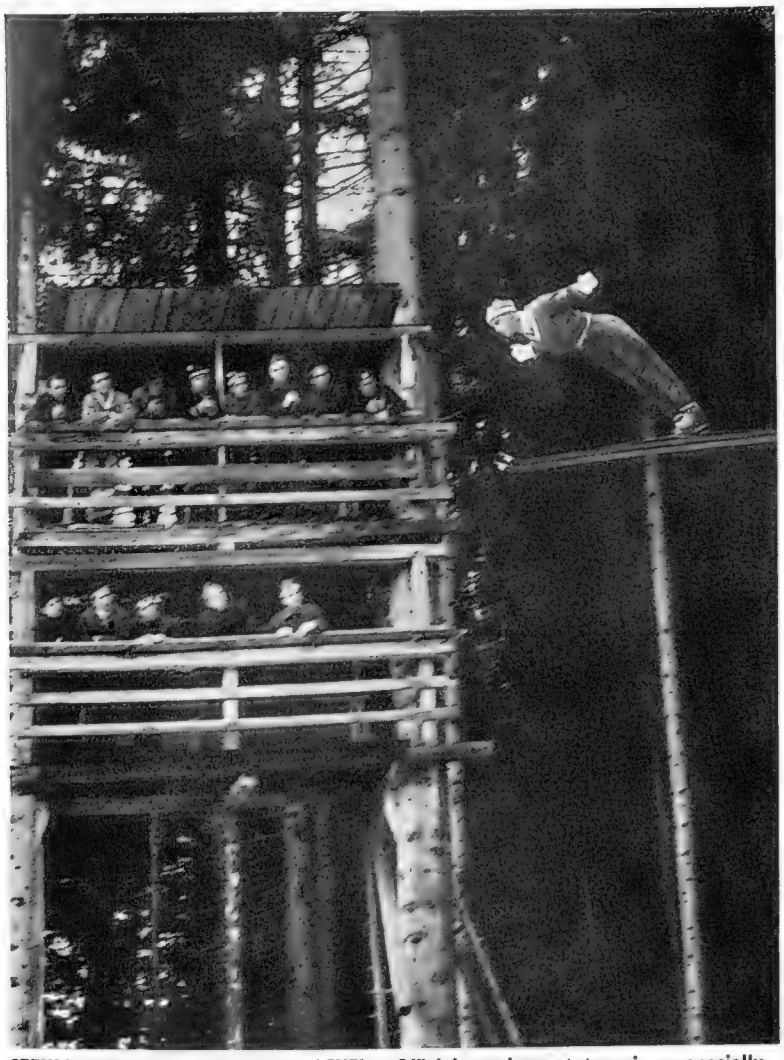
THE "ORONJ" TAKES THE WATER AT LOWESTOFT: Named by Madame V. A. Dmitriev, wife of the senior representative of the Russian Trade Delegation, she will be the flagship of the first five trawlers launched from the same yard. Each vessel has a loaded displacement of about 1,300 tons.

A UNITED STATES MIDGET SUBMARINE GOES TO SEA: *Above* and *on left*—These two pictures show the U.S.S. X.1 midget submarine at different stages during her trials off Long Island. Commanded by Lieutenant Kevin Hanlon, she has a total crew of only five, and is based at the U.S. Navy Submarine base at New London, Connecticut. This is a prototype of a class of midget submarines which the U.S. Navy plans to build. She is 48 ft. long. On the surface her speed is 15 knots, but this is reduced to 12 knots when submerged. The X.1 has a range of over 500 miles.

A NEW YEAR'S JUMP AT GARMISCH, IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS : Arms outspread, the Norwegian ski-jumper Olaf Bjoernstad soars through the air in a leap from the Olympic ski-jump tower at Garmisch. He was taking part in the traditional New Year's contest that is held annually at this resort. Beyond the new tower for time-keepers and officials standing on the left can be seen the wide valley in which lie the villages of Garmisch and Partenkirchen. The next winter Olympics will be held in Garmisch in 1960. It will be the second time the Games have been held there, for the 1936 meeting was also held in this small Bavarian village.

SKI-JUMPING IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS

A Visit to the Alpine Villages of Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Oberstdorf, in Bavaria, where Teams for the Winter Games are in Training



SEEING THINGS AT THE RIGHT LEVEL : Officials and spectators in a specially-constructed tree-top grandstand watch the Soviet jumper Afanasjev as he leaves the top of the ski-jump. The Russian team is at the moment training at Oberstdorf, in Bavaria, for the Winter Games at Cortina d'Ampezzo, in Italy. The Russian women's team is at Grindelwald, Switzerland.

A JUMP OF 76 METRES : Aulis Kallakorpi, of Finland, glides through the air to win an international ski-jump meeting at Oberstdorf with a fine jump of 76 metres (83 yards).

THE FLYING RUSSIAN : A member of the Russian team for the Winter Games is seen just after taking off from the ski-jump at Riezlern, near Oberstdorf, in Bavaria. His perfect balance is very noticeable.

The two picturesque villages of Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Oberstdorf, in the Bavarian Alps, have to-day a more serious and intent air than usual as some of the competing teams in the Winter Olympics get down to practice. The former, sitting at the foot of the Zugspitze (8,764 ft.), Germany's highest mountain, is a very popular and fashionable resort with fine winter sports facilities. Special ski-jumps, ski runs and skating rinks were constructed in 1936 when the Winter Olympics were held there. The Zugspitze funicular gives easy access to the higher snowfields, where one can usually rely on finding good snow from November until June. Oberstdorf is equally pretty and popular, lying in a broad, flat plateau at the end of the Iller Valley which runs into the heart of the Allgau Alps. Like Garmisch, it has well-organised winter sports facilities.

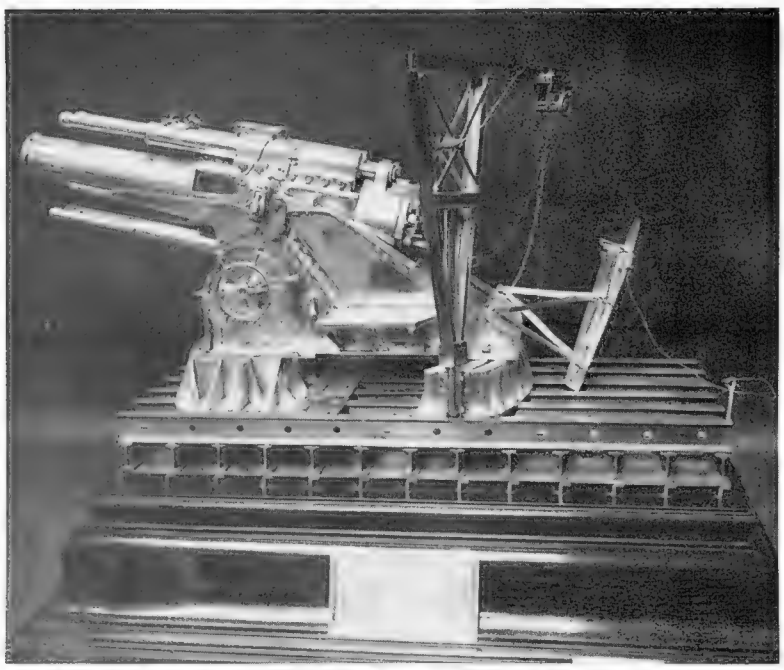
"TRADITION IN SILVER"

Examples of Antique and Modern Craftsmanship from the Officers' Messes of the Three Services are Exhibited at the Royal Academy

"THE EMPEROR"—A RELIC OF THE PENINSULAR WAR: General Sir Gerald Templer, right, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, hands over to Genera Sir Henry Jackson the silver chamber pot of King Joseph Bonaparte of Spain. This object, known as "The Emperor," belongs to the 14/20th King's Hussars

TWO PHASES OF THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT'S HISTORY COMMEMORATED IN SILVER: On left—*Mother*, the Mark I tank, a modern example of mess silver lent to the exhibition by th First Royal Tank Regiment. On right is one of six statuettes, of a Korean farmer carrying his load on an "A-pack," which commemorate the Regiment's part in the Ko ean War.

Mess silver has for hundreds of years brought the best out of English silversmiths, and the subjects that they illustrate have inspired craftsmen and designers alike to produce some of their finest work. It is a welcome sign, as can be seen from an inspection of the exhibition "Tradition in Silver" in the Diploma Galleries of the Royal Academy, that neither modern times nor the new weapons which accompany them have in any way caused this skill to diminish. From the Royal Tank Regiment's collection there comes not only a fine silver replica of the Mark I tank *Mother*, but also a charming memento of the most recent of the British Army's campaigns—that in Korea. The Parachute Regiment has an impressive s tuette of a paratrooper in full jumping kit, and Roy l Air Forc messes are adorned with beautifully-ex uted silve models of aircraft. But the older craftsm n, and th more historic themes, stand up well to this ompetitio There are few more delicate pieces t m H.M.S. *Excellent's* Nef, and nothing more stirr g than th representation of Ensign Latham's her sm in th Buffs' centre-piece. And the silver o the Roya Fusiliers, set out as on a guest night, serv s to remind the visitor to the exhibition that these fi pieces are in fact, in regular use as, indeed, w s intende by the craftsmen who fashioned them.



THE ROYAL MARINES ARTILLERY'S 15-IN. HOWITZER: This model, from Eastney, is of the heaviest howitzer used in Flanders in 1915-18. It is believed that these guns were manned exclusively by the Royal Marines Artillery.

THE ORNAMENT WITH A PURPOSE: This silver full-rigged ship was presented to the mess of the Royal Scots Greys. It is in fact a wine slide holding claret, but owing to its frailty is not now used for its original purpose.

AN ACTION PICTURE IN SILVER: The silver centre-piece of the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons officers' mess. It depicts Sergeant Ewart capturing a French standard from its bearer a French officer, at Waterloo. The eagle insignia is now worn as the cap badge of the Greys

On left—
AN ARMY TROPHY IN THE HANDS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : The Dublin Fusiliers Trophy commemorating service in the South African War is now with the R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell.

On right—
A NEF FROM H.M.S. "EXCELLENT" : Nefs were made by the silversmiths of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Although the majority of them were only used as toys, some, like this, served useful purposes as wine flagons, the beak of the ship acting as the spout.

Below—
A MODEL OF CRIPPLEGATE : This silver model of one of the four original gates of the City of London, made in London in 1845, is now in the possession of the London Rifle Brigade Rangers.

MASSIVE CENTRE-PIECE OF THE 20TH HUSSARS : This is an example of the fine work executed by British silversmiths to the orders of officers, who presented it to their messes.

THE LATHAM CENTRE-PIECE OF THE BUFFS : This silver piece depicts a historic moment in the Battle of Albuhera in 1811. Ensign Latham is holding the King's Colour in his right hand after his left had been severed by the French Hussar.

THE ZETLAND TROPHY OF THE BLUES : It was presented to the officers of the Royal Horse Guards by the Earl of Zetland. In front are Horse Guards of sixty years ago, and behind, of the Cromwellian period in which the Regiment was formed.

THE NEW YEAR IN ENGLAND

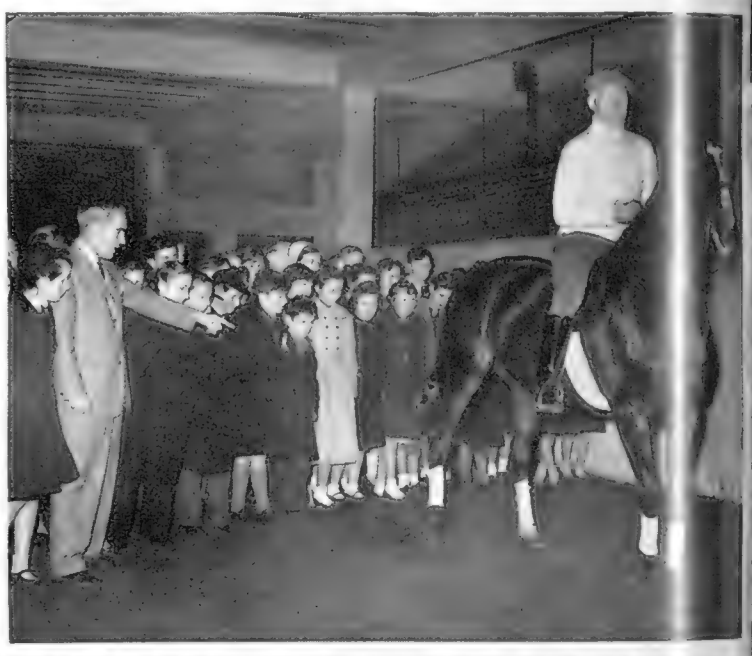
A Pictorial Survey of the Home News at the Start of 1956

PREPARING FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE : Passing the barges on the Isis is the crew which has been called by the President of the O.U.B.C., J. G. McLeod, for the start of boat-race training. The members are : Bow, E. V. Vine (Brasenose) ; 2. K. L. Mason (Queen's) ; 3. N. Paine (Trinity) ; 4. R. Dayan (New College) ; 5. R. Barrett (Pembroke) ; 6. D. A. Cross (Balliol) ; 7. R. H. Carnegie (New College) ; stroke, B. S. Mawer (Merton) ; and cox, B. E. B. K. Venner (St. Edmund Hall). Vine rowed at No. 2 last year and Dayan is a Freshman from America, who has rowed for Princeton University. Oxford's major problem this year may well be to discover a stroke. Cambridge also have no obvious candidate for this position, unless P. J. Muirhead, who stroked the Light Blues to victory last year, is available. Cambridge have started practice for the Boat Race and have had two crews out.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S NIECES COME TO LIVE IN LONDON : Princess Beatrix of Hohenlohe-Langenburg (on the left) and Princess Christina of Hesse arrive from Germany at Liverpool Street Station in London. They will live together in a flat in the Pimlico district. Princess Beatrix is aged nineteen and her cousin, Princess Christina, is twenty-two. Their mothers, Princess Margarita and Princess Sophie, are two of the sisters of the Duke of Edinburgh.

On left—
CELEBRATING BURMA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LONDON : From the left are Mrs. Tin Maung Gyi, U Tin Maung Gyi, Chargé d'Affaires in London ; Mrs. Kyin, the wife of the Burmese Ambassador ; Lord Mountbatten and Lady Mountbatten. They were at a reception on the eighth anniversary of Burmese independence.

On right—
TEACHING ANIMALS OBEDIENCE : Mr. F. R. Bell, a lecturer, points out details as Mr. W. T. Price, a riding instructor, puts his horse through a test at a demonstration at the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in London. This lecture was arranged for children by the L.C.C.



TENANTS STAND SIEGE AGAINST EVICTION IN ILFORD : *Left*—Bailiffs try to enter a house in Fencepiece Road, in the Ilford district of Essex. They have an order to evict the tenants and are supported by police. But those in the house wave banners of defiance against the eviction and from the right-hand window hose water on those trying to enter. *Centre*—This is a close-up view of the hosepipe artillery in action. *Right*—A woman leaves one of the houses from which tenants were evicted. The dispute arose from the action of 250 tenants in Ilford who refused to accept the Council's decision to raise their rents. The Council obtained an order to evict three tenants as a warning to the rest of the objectors.

DEFEATING THE ELEMENTS : Principal Lighthouse-Keeper R. Abrahams is carried by rope and winch over the seas off Cornwall from the Trinity House vessel *Satellite* to the Wolf Rock Lighthouse. The fury of the gale has blown his cap into the waves below. Mr. Abrahams was in charge of the relief crew which took over at Wolf Rock after all those in the lighthouse had been isolated by bad weather.

LIGHTHOUSE RELIEF IN HEAVY WEATHER : A winch is used to haul a relief keeper to the Wolf Rock, off Penzance, in heavy weather. Rough seas had made the lighthouse unapproachable.

On left—

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACKETS CHAMPION : C. J. Swallow, of Charterhouse, is presented with the H. K. Foster Cup by Mr. G. N. Foster at the Queen's Club in London. Swallow defeated P. R. Chamberlain in the final by 15–0, 3–15, 15–9, 15–9.

WINTER HELP FOR ANIMALS IN DEVON : In the bleak country of Dartmoor, at Two Bridges, near Princeton, Inspector John Ambrose, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, feeds a wild pony. The van in which he patrols is equipped with rescue and veterinary apparatus for animals in distress as well as with food for them. The inspector also watches their condition during winter. If the weather becomes so bad that roads are blocked, a helicopter is ready to drop hay to isolated sheep and ponies.

TOMB WHICH MAY THROW NEW LIGHT ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS : A faculty has been granted by an Ecclesiastical Court for the opening of this tomb—the grave of Thomas Walsingham in the church of St. Nicholas at Chislehurst, in Kent. Walsingham was highly placed in the Councils of Queen Elizabeth I. An American scholar holds the view that he hid Marlowe after the duel at Deptford in which, says the scholar, the poet was not killed. His theory is that Marlowe, unable to make his own name public, wrote most of the plays attributed to Shakespeare. It is hoped to find evidence of this in the Walsingham tomb. The Court has given permission for stone panels to be removed from the front of the grave, subject to the work being supervised by a qualified architect.

CIVIC DIGNITARIES AT A NEW YEAR'S SERVICE IN THE CITY OF LONDON : The Lord Mayor, Alderman C. L. Ackroyd, arrives at St. Michael's Church in Cornhill to attend the traditional service for the New Year. With him are the Sheriffs, Alderman B. N. Waley-Cohen (in the centre) and Mr. W. G. Allen (on the right).

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHY

Neil Bell's Life as a Writer; A Study of Walt Whitman; J. C. Powys' Book Shelf; Adventures in War and in Peace; Bristol's Public Libraries

THERE could scarcely be a writer less cynical or, on the other hand, less naïve in his approach to the art and profession of writing than Mr. Neil Bell. He quotes that dictum of Epictetus: "If you wish to be a good writer, write," at the beginning of MY WRITING LIFE (Alvin Redman. 16s.). This, as Mr. Bell explains, is not an autobiography in the generally accepted meaning of the word and does not deal with childhood, adolescence, love affairs or much of a domestic life. It covers roughly fifty years and it is a record accurately expressed by its title. Mr. Bell writes of his likes and dislikes, his literary beginnings and, very frankly, his financial status through the years. He is as forthright as you would expect this author to be, a master of the take-it-or-leave-it school, which is refreshing, and no mean pronouncer of opinions. For himself, he writes: "I can think of no easier, no more delightful, no more joyous and fully satisfying and rewarding way of life than the writer's."

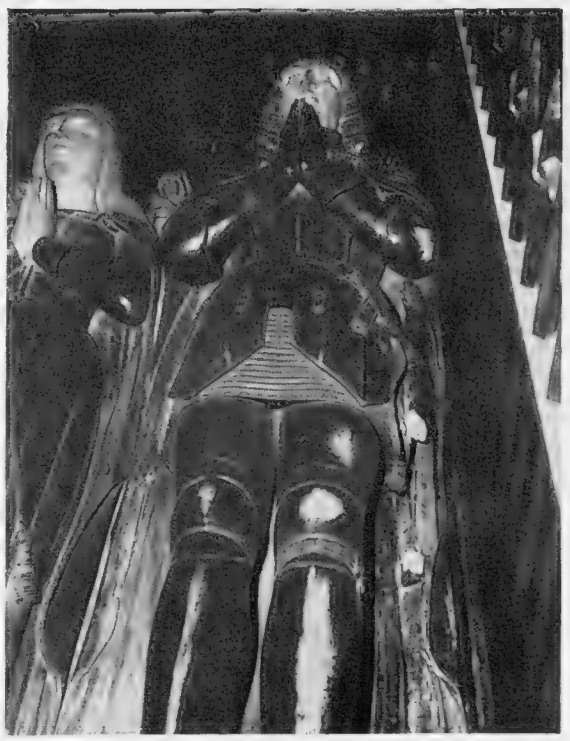
The great American poet, Whitman, is the subject of a critical and appreciative study by Mr. Richard V. Chase. Since it is just a hundred years since the poet himself set up the type for the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, this is as appropriate a moment as any to take another long look at the work and philosophy of the "good gray poet." WALT WHITMAN RECONSIDERED (Gollancz. 16s.) is, I think, an important piece of work to those of us who hold some of this poetry as part of our life of reading, and to those who are discovering Whitman for the first time. This unpretentious but brilliant book can hardly fail to make any reader of Whitman appreciate him more, or see him more clearly as the extraordinary figure of genius that he was.

VISIONS AND REVISIONS (Macdonald. 15s.) is, in Mr. John Cowper Powys' own words, "a book-lover's private and special shelf of his favourite books." An actual shelf exists containing these very books which he can survey as he writes. They include works as varied as Rabelais, Dante, Nietzsche and Charles Lamb, Whitman, and Dostoievsky, Poe, Milton and Keats. On each of sixteen writers and on one painter, El Greco, Mr. Cowper Powys has written not only appreciatively but in gratitude and this book, so modest in size, is immense in scope and imagination.

From the meditative and intellectual life to action and adventure. INTO THE WATER BARRIER (Odhams. 15s.) is Mr. Donald Campbell's account of some of his early years in the lively home atmosphere for which his famous father, Sir Malcolm, was partly responsible, and of those more recent years leading up to his establishment of a new water speed record a few months ago. Mr. Alan Mitchell, who has collaborated in the writing of this vigorous and attractive story, says that it was probably written very quickly, but in a book of this type this is a positive advantage.

ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS (Evans. 12s. 6d.) is the story of an amazing wartime mission, an episode of which the full details are known to only two men living. Mr. David E. Walker is not one of those men but through research in Amsterdam, London and New York, and help from the Admiralty and the War Office, he has been able to piece together enough of the facts to make an odd, exciting and substantially accurate story. It was at Whitsun 1940 when the Germans launched a devastating bomb attack on neutral Holland, that three men, one professional and two amateurs, were granted the use of a destroyer and sent over to that country to prevent the vast stocks of industrial diamonds from falling into the enemy's hands. They left Harwich on Whit Sunday evening and got back on Tuesday, with an oily, battered and filthy kitbag. Outside the Diamond Trading Company's offices they parted. "We might all have lunch some day," one of them suggested. And that was the end of the successful adventure, which is a terrific story.

THE GENTLE ART OF ANGLING (Reinhardt. 15s.) is, as its title implies, the greatest contrast possible to the book just discussed: a peaceable series of



A TOMB DAMAGED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The figure of Sir Giles Daubeney lies with the alabaster sword scabbard broken off (on the right) in the St. Paul's Chapel of Westminster Abbey. The broken stonework was found lying by the memorial. The authorities believe the breakage was accidental. The tomb, which contains also an effigy of Lady Daubeney, the wife of Sir Giles, was erected in 1508. In 1889 the panelling and grills which surround this monument were reconstructed.

essays by Mr. Bernard Venables, who has been for many years an Angling Correspondent and is now Editorial Director of the *Angling Times*. With those qualifications, it is reasonable to expect that the author knows a good deal about fish, which he does; and that he can write lucidly on his subject, which he can. He also illustrates this charming book with his own elegant drawings.

The art of antique dealing is perhaps not quite so gentle but it is described enthusiastically and astutely in his autobiography by Mr. R. P. Way who knew all the tricks, the genuine excitements and the genuine knowledge that can go to the career of ANTIQUE DEALER (Michael Joseph. 15s.). Towards the end of his life the author was blind, and died soon after he finished this book, but it remains a vivid and engaging record of a life spent in what must be, by and large, a fascinating profession.

The same can scarcely be said for FREE AGENT (Wingate. 12s. 6d.), which is a further volume of the adventures of Mr. Eddie Chapman who, with a few of "the boys," decided that post-war life was both dull and unremunerative and started free-lancing in the worlds of international finance, attempting to corner the lobster market in Tangier, then going for bullion and, later, for Gold Coast *imbroglios* before returning to Tangier and an association with that well-known yachtsman, Mr. Billy Hill. Mediterranean sun, wine, fun and games, and sunbathing on the deck of a yacht —"while Bill and Gerry . . . recalled their days in Borstal together. . . ." What more do you want?

MORE FOR YOUR GARDEN (Michael Joseph. 15s.) could be one of the answers to that question. This is the newest collection of Miss V. Sackville-West's gardening articles, arranged under the twelve headings of the months and full of original ideas and an exquisite use of the English language. That they should also be extremely practical might be almost too much to ask, but they *are*.

JEAN SANTEUIL (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.) is something of a collector's piece, for this vast novel by Marcel Proust, translated by Gerard Hopkins in this edition, was first discovered after the last war and is now published in English for the first time. In his preface M. André Maurois explains how the work was pieced together into a complete novel by "Proustian investigator," working among the great quantity of papers that the writer left.

A new biography of LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD (Staples. 12s. 6d.), is by Mr. Patrick Byrne. He writes of this romantic Irish figure who was only thirty-five when he died in prison as a revolutionary. This son of the Premier Duke of Ireland had a fantastic career, equalled in its impulsive force, if in nothing else by that of his cousin, Charles James Fox. Fitzgerald's close friend for years was Tom Paine, author of *The Rights of Man*, which in 1791 had its first phenomenal success. He married the beautiful Pamela, now generally supposed to have been the natural daughter of Madame de Genlis and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and he risked and eventually lost everything fighting for a free Ireland. Mr. Byrne writes of his hero with moderation and regard but, possibly, in his scrupulous care to show the background of Lord Edward's times, the book makes a slow start and is less dramatic in its impact than it could be, even within the measures of classic good taste.

READING IN BRISTOL is the annual report, 1954–5, of the Public Libraries Committee of the City of Bristol and, as before, it makes very heartening news. More than 3,500,000 books have been issued during the period from the seventeen libraries of the region, and these have included books for the blind, technical works, juvenile books and the resources of what is evidently a very up-to-the-minute library of commerce. I imagine that Bristol is not alone in the excellence of its library organisation, but in this matter it must be among the first cities of our country and warmly to be congratulated.

DOUGLAS IN OLD CALABRIA

A Reprint of a Masterpiece

OLD CALABRIA, the fruit of many visits to the wild country which is the foot of Italy, was first published by Martin Secker forty years ago. It stands to-day as a monument to the early work of Norman Douglas, and it remains beyond doubt the best travel book in any language upon this region. The present edition of OLD CALABRIA (Secker and Warburg. 30s.) has the advantage of a masterly introduction by John Davenport, who sketches the background of Douglas's life, from his birth in the Vorarlberg, the son of German and Scottish parents of distinction, to his last days in Capri, where a grateful municipality made him an honorary freeman.

Mr. Davenport relates how a writer of grace, gaiety, power and insight was moulded. The much-publicised, often reprinted, *South Wind* will continue to please the many, declares John Davenport, but he shares with Professor R. M. Dawkins the belief that *Old Calabria*, in many ways so akin to it, will prove to be the more enduring work. To travel with Norman Douglas into these gracious solitudes is an experience not to be foregone, and, maybe, to use his own brave words, we can from them "carve out, and bear away into the cheerful din of cities, the rudiments of something clean and veracious and wholly terrestrial—some tonic philosophy that shall foster sunny mischiefs and farewell regret."

Another new edition, although of more recent vintage, is S. F. Hallgarten's RHINELAND WINELAND (Elek Books. 21s.), which now makes a welcome reappearance with an introduction by the enthusiastic and knowledgeable T. A. Layton. This journey through the wine districts of Western Germany is a most enriching experience. Through the Palatinate, Rheinhessia, Nahe, Rheingau, Middle Rhine, Moselle and the South German vineyards we travel with growing understanding and appreciation, with many a halt upon the way and more than one diversion from the beaten path. There is an enchanting chapter on the wine festivals of the Rhineland. At one such gathering the author was invited to board the "wine roundabout." It was so constructed and so arranged that one could make the rounds of the characteristic wines of all the German districts, with their high-sounding, often tongue-twisting, names, tasting here an Assmannshauser Hoellemberg, there an Erdener Himmelreich, and concluding, perhaps, not inappropriately with a Bernkasteler Doktor. Another of the Rhineland towns offers the special attraction of the Wine Tribunal, where hard-drinking citizens, and visitors if they so wish, join in sampling the finest wines of the district with the object of pronouncing upon them. Every year, apparently, their verdict is the same, "Judgment postponed until next season." Mr. Hallgarten's book has a magnificent series of photographs, dealing both with viticulture and the topographical attractions of the places visited. There are also some well-drawn maps which are an essential in this type of book.

No-cure-no-pay is the general rule among the world's tug masters whose task it is to fight the elements, and often bring to safety shipping of all nations at moments of distress. Everyone remembers the battle fought by the tug *Turmoil* to rescue Carlsen's stricken *Flying Enterprise*. That was only one of her many adventures, for this powerful vessel is constantly in the thick of things. Ewart Brookes tells the inside human story of the ship and the men who man her in TURMOIL (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.). This former naval commander and author of two highly successful novels has met and talked with the man who first conceived the idea of a tug like *Turmoil*. He has met those who built her, and has lived in the ship with the crew who man her and the radio operators who search the ether listening for one thing—a call for help. From a mass of careful detail, Mr. Brookes has written a straightforward and thrilling tale.

Another tale of the little ships is L. C. Reynolds' GUNBOAT 658 (William Kimber. 16s.). The experience of 658, from the fall of Tunisia until the German surrender, was typical of the Navy's M.T.B.s and M.G.B.s. Her life was a kaleidoscope of intense action. The author served in her through all her operations. As a newly commissioned R.N.V.R. midshipman he watched 658 being built in a West Country yard. Six months later he became her first lieutenant and soon after his twenty-first birthday he was commanding her in operations. To-day 658 is part of the historic wreckage on the bed of the Mediterranean, for after the war she foundered in a gale en route to Alexandria, where she was to be sold to the Egyptians. Perhaps, says Reynolds, stressing to the last the belief in the human qualities of his well-beloved ship, she preferred to end her days with no dimming of the glory that had been hers.

Cyril Beaumont's BALLETS PAST AND PRESENT (Putnam. 21s.) really constitutes a third supplement to Mr. Beaumont's *Complete Book of Ballets*. It contains the author's series of critical analyses covering forty-six ballets produced in recent years, among them the work of such well-known choreographers as Ashton, Helpmann and Lifar.

FANFARE FOR ERNEST NEWMAN (Arthur Barker. 21s.) will delight music enthusiasts wishing to pay honour to the doyen of music critics, who recently celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. It is edited by Herbert Van Thal and among the contributors are Neville Cardus, Philip Hope-Wallace, Professor Gerald Abraham and Professor Edward Dent.

TWELFTH NIGHT IN THEATRELAND

The Traditional Baddeley Cake is Cut at Drury Lane; and Princess Margaret Joins the Sadler's Wells Theatre Association to Celebrate Their Twenty-fifth Anniversary and to Cut the Twelfth Night Cake

CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: Eve Lister, who is at present playing in the American musical, *The King And I*, helps Austin Melford, the Fund Treasurer, to cut the traditional Baddeley Cake in the Green Room at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Beside Mr. Melford is George Pastelle, who plays opposite Eve Lister. The ceremony was attended by the entire cast. The tradition of cutting the Baddeley Cake on Twelfth Night dates back to 1795, when Robert Baddeley, an eighteenth-century pastry-cook actor, left a sum of £100 in his will to provide a cake bearing his name, which should be cut every Twelfth Night for His Majesty's Company of Comedians—that being the correct title for any Company appearing at the Theatre Royal. A punch is also traditionally supplied at the ceremony.

WAITING FOR THE CURTAIN TO GO UP: Princess Margaret, who broke her holiday at Sandringham to attend the Gala Performance at the Sadler's Wells Theatre to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary since its reopening, is seen after her arrival at the theatre in conversation with Lord Plunkett.

TWELFTH NIGHT AT SADLER'S WELLS: Princess Margaret, wearing a full-skirted evening gown of pink slipper satin, cuts the Twelfth Night Cake during the celebrations at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. The Princess is President of the Sadler's Wells Foundation. After the Gala Performance, Princess Margaret stayed to watch the Twelfth Night festivities of the Vic-Wells Association. She cut the first slice of the cake, which weighed 1 cwt. Following a war-time custom the members of the Association had contributed towards the ingredients.

A GREAT YEAR FOR CAR SALES

More Cars were Sold in the Home Market in 1955 than Ever Before in the History of the Industry; and a Possible Record in Export Figures

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

WHATEVER 1956 holds for the British motor industry—and many experts predict a tough sales battle at home and abroad—our car manufacturers can certainly afford to feel proud of their achievements in the year just ended.

Car production has soared to well past the 850,000 mark, compared with a record output of 769,165 cars in 1954. It looks, too, as if the industry has improved on its 1954 car export figures (366,084 cars were shipped abroad in that year to a total value of £118,500,000).

More cars were sold in the home market than ever before in the history of the industry. New registrations are believed to have exceeded 500,000 for the first time, handsomely improving on the previous record: 386,386 in 1954.

Compare these home sales with the pre-war figures, when the motor firms thought they were doing quite well. The best pre-war year was 1937, with 320,239 new registrations. In 1938, the last complete year before the war, the figure was 272,192.

One British firm—the British Motor Corporation—alone built 468,943 cars and commercial vehicles in the year just ended. That is a record for any British firm. And look at their export achievements! They sold abroad more cars—Austins, Morrises, Wolseleys, Rileys and M.G.s—and commercial vehicles than any other manufacturer in the whole world.

The figure was close on 200,000 and the total value about £75,000,000.

The Monte Carlo Rally starts on Monday. From seven widely-separated European cities—Glasgow, Athens, Lisbon, Munich, Stockholm, Paris and Rome—some 350 cars will set out on what promises to be a more than usually difficult route of about 2,600 miles. That is 620 miles farther than last year's itineraries.

Britain tops the list of entrants, with about 100 cars, and France runs a close second. There are also more British-built cars taking part than of any other nationality. The figure is 124, with France next (96) and Germany third (69). With twenty-seven entrants, Germany is also third in the list of countries with most drivers in the Rally.

A PRICE INCREASE FOR TWO DAIMLER CARS: This model is typical of the new Conquest and Century saloons which have been increased in price. The front end of each car has been altered a little, and the Century has a polished burr-walnut facia.

Altogether, twenty-one countries will be represented in this year's Rally. They include Finland, Greece, New Zealand, Sierra Leone, Czechoslovakia and Turkey. The cars of seven nations will be used: Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, U.S. and Sweden.

Starting-points are one less in number this year. Monte Carlo, Oslo and Palermo have been deleted, Paris and Rome added. The Sunbeam team of three cars entered by the Rootes Group will start from Stockholm. It was a Sunbeam, driven by two Norwegians, which won the Rally last year. And Miss Sheila Van Damm, in another Sunbeam, won the Ladies' Cup. This helped Miss Van Damm to win the European Women's Championship for the second year running. Unhappily, this Rally will be her last. She is retiring from motor sport to devote more time to her father's business: London's famous Windmill Theatre.

From their Stockholm starting-point the three factory-entered Sunbeams will reach Monte Carlo by way of Norway, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. Captains of the other two "works" Sunbeams will be Peter Harper, former R.A.F. pilot, now in business at Stevenage; and Jimmy Ray, winner of the last R.A.C. international rally.

Other British factory teams will include Austin Westminsters, Riley Pathfinders, M.G. Magnettes, Standard Vanguards and A.C. Acecas. All seven Rally contingents converge at Rheims and then follow the same route in one long procession by way of Paris, Chambéry, Grenoble, Digne and La Turbie.

Opportunely published early this month was Mike Couper's book, *Rallying to Monte Carlo*. It is sold by Ian Allan Limited, for 16s., and contains a foreword by Raymond Baxter, B.B.C. commentator, who usually drives in the "Monte" and is doing so again this year.

Mike Couper, St. Albans garage proprietor and a member of the committee of the Automobile Association, is one of Britain's most experienced Rally drivers, and this detailed description of his many adventures in the "Monte" makes fascinating reading. Mr. Couper has never won the Rally, but he has had remarkable success, over the years, in the Concours d'Elegance, now known less romantically as the "Safety and Comfort competition."

I recently had a chance of thoroughly road-testing the new Standard Vanguard, and the impressions which I had formed on a shorter acquaintance just before the new model was announced were fully confirmed.

This is a greatly improved car, particularly in appearance. Riding comfort has also been considerably enhanced, partly by increasing the wheel-base. With unitary construction superseding the use of a chassis frame, it is not surprising that the new Vanguard is much lighter than the earlier models.

This results in even livelier acceleration and in a better petrol mileage figure. The car I tried had the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive, which converts the three-speed gear-box into a five-ratio unit, and I think it is well worth while investing in one of these useful "extras."

The R.A.C. recently carried out an interesting petrol consumption test with a new Vanguard fitted with overdrive. They took it from London to Edinburgh and back—a distance of 794 miles—at an average speed of 37.5 m.p.h. and the petrol mileage (on premium grade fuel) worked out at just over 34.5 m.p.g.

The Vanguard III is lower and sleeker than its predecessors and visibility is excellent all round. After much debate on whether or not to use a 6-cylinder engine, the Standard Motor Company decided to stick to their well-tried 4-cylinder, 2-litre unit. It is well suited to the new model, which costs £599, increased by tax to £899 17s.

Although certain national newspapers got just a little too excited about Mr. Granville Bradshaw's "Omega" engine, which isn't so frightfully new anyway, the details of the design which have been published show great originality of thought.

Mr. Bradshaw, who has produced plenty of evidence of his design skill over the years, has tried really hard to get away from the piston-engine formula used in cars to-day. On paper his ideas seem sound, and I noticed that Mr. John Kinsey, chief engineer of the A.A., has pronounced that the "Omega" holds "possibilities of important development."

It has an annular cylinder—a kind of hollow ring in which two pairs of pistons oscillate with a sort of scissors action. As they shuttle to and fro the cylinder itself revolves at half crankshaft speed, uncovering the single inlet and exhaust ports in the cylinder wall.

It employs a four-stroke cycle, but there is only one sparking plug. This fires four times at equal intervals while the cylinder is completing one turn. Beyond saying that, I'm not going to attempt to describe the "Omega." It may prove difficult and expensive to build, especially in quantity, and cooling could present serious problems, but I hope Mr. Bradshaw will press on with the construction of a prototype. That, surely, is the best way of trying to prove he's thinking on the right lines.

First price increases of the New Year—a year in which keen competition may later force manufacturers to cut prices—were announced by the Daimler Company. They concern the 2½-litre Conquest saloon and its more powerful, and rather better-equipped sister, the Century. The basic prices of these two cars (which look substantially alike) had not previously been touched since they were announced in 1953, and even now buyers will get a lot more for their money than they would have done at the old prices.

"A GREATLY IMPROVED CAR, PARTICULARLY IN APPEARANCE": This is the Motoring Correspondent's description of the new Standard Vanguard III, which is lower and sleeker than its predecessors. Visibility is excellent all round, and riding comfort has been considerably enhanced. The price, including tax, is £899 17s.

Daimlers have altered the front end a little, installed a really efficient heater-cum-ventilator-cum-demister, added two fog-lamps (one with broad beams, the other a "flame-thrower") and given the cars new mark numbers.

The Conquest Mk. II now costs—with tax added—£1,735 7s. (up £135) and the Century Mk. II sells for £1,897 7s. (an increase of £138). The new Century has a polished burr-walnut facia.

Jaguar car sales in the U.S. since the war have gained for Britain something like 60,000,000 dollars, but Mr. William Lyons, who received a knighthood in the New Year Honours, is not going to rest on his laurels. He is putting up a spirited fight to retain—and make even more secure—the unique place his cars have gained in America.

He has persuaded Mr. Briggs Cunningham, millionaire racing driver, who stopped building racing cars last October, to join him in a big sales drive. The forty-eight-year-old sportsman now heads two new Jaguar sales corporations in the U.S. One is for wholesale distribution, the other for retail business in New York.

Mr. Les Allen, who runs a driving school at Accrington, recently completed a notable run in an Austin A30. Accompanied by his wife, he set out from Accrington to drive right round Britain, following the coastline as closely as possible, without stopping the engine once.

Taking turns at the wheel, each snatching a bit of sleep while the other drove, they succeeded. The journey took six days, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Allen drove about 4,000 miles. The game little car averaged 50 miles to the gallon and used only 1½ pints of oil.

"THE LAST WORD" IN CAR ENGINES? Mr. Granville Bradshaw, of Eversley, Hampshire, is seen with a drawing and a model of part of his new engine, which he has named "Omega." It is said that the engine will run on any liquid fuel, give more than 25 per cent. more power than any engine of the same capacity, and last for more than 200,000 miles without overhaul.

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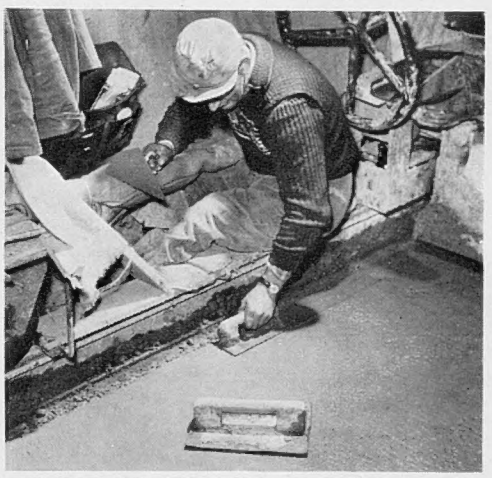
BUILDING NEW AUTOBAHNS

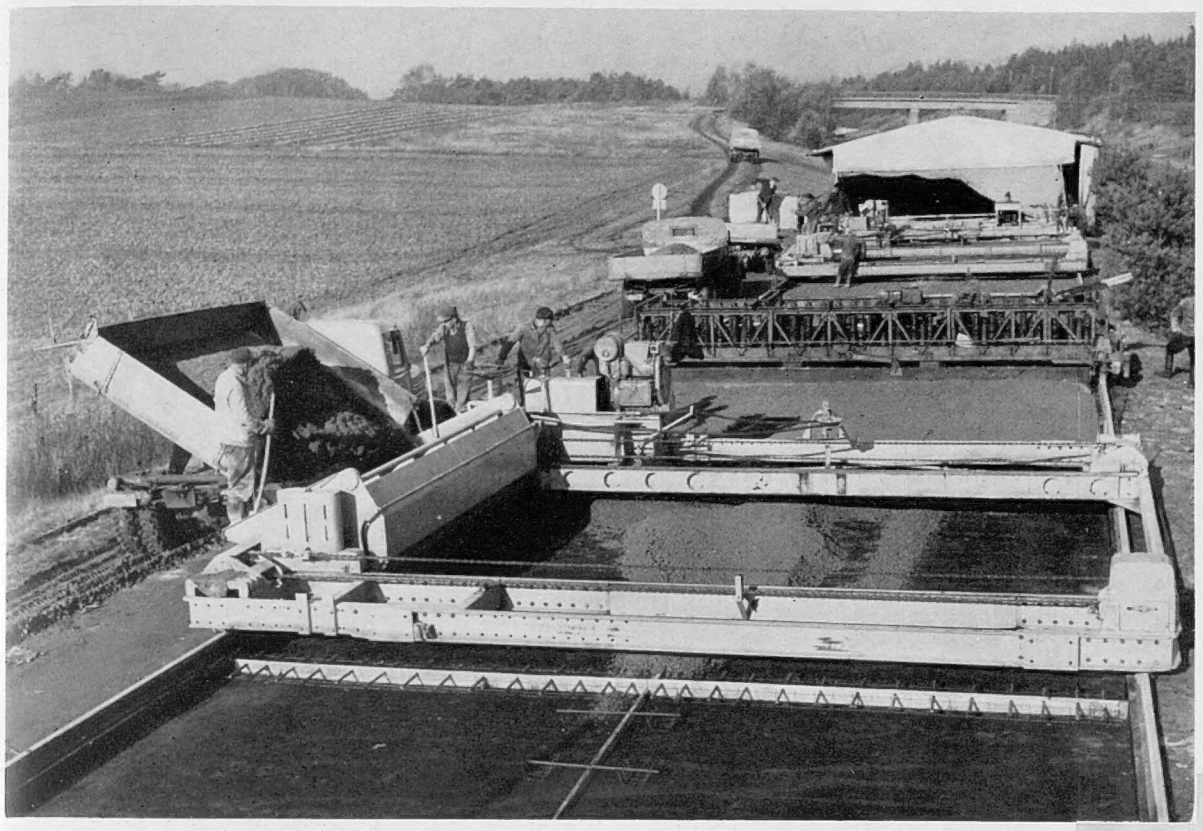
Work on the Hamburg-to-Hanover Highway Typifies the Current Drive for New Roads in Western Germany

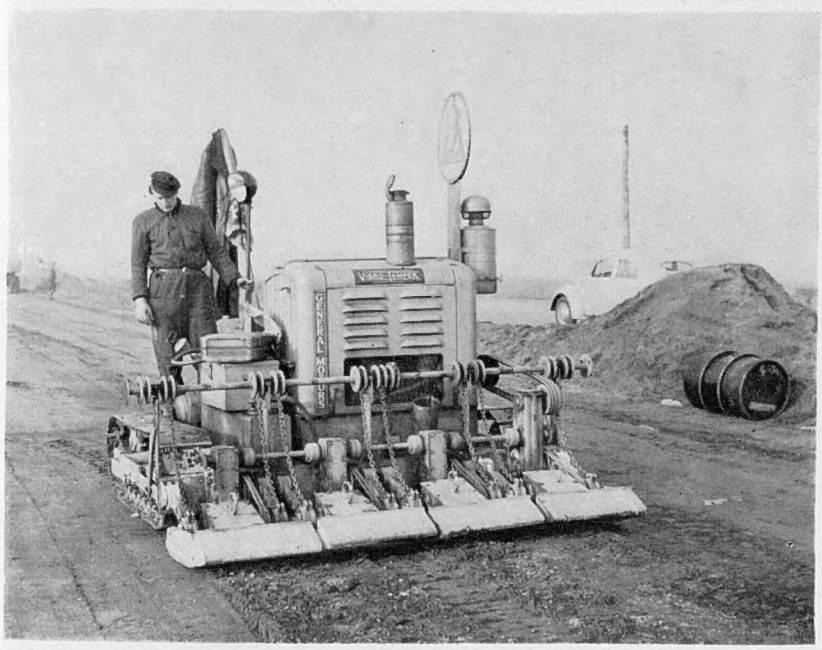
PREPARING THE NEW HIGHWAYS OF WESTERN GERMANY : On a stretch of the Autobahn between Hamburg and Hanover, near the village of Horst, binding agents are spread out before the concrete is put down. Western Germany's Autobahn system is now being completed in order to meet the ever-increasing demands of traffic in West Germany.

THE LATEST MACHINERY IS USED : This big hammer compresses the sand which forms the base for the concrete road. It can make the ground vibrate more than two miles away.



THE CRAFTSMAN STILL HAS WORK TO DO : Although most of the work on the new roads is done by the most modern machines, there are still some jobs that have to be done by hand.





THE SECRET OF GERMANY'S ROAD-BUILDING SUCCESS: The giant concrete-spreading machine, which moves over the prepared section of the Autobahn along two wide concrete "rails." These later form the parking strips for the road.

On left—

AMERICAN MACHINERY IS USED : Chalk and limestone, mixed with tar, are compressed into the road before the final layer of concrete is put down on the mixture.

On right—

AT THE END OF THE DAY'S WORK : A tent on wheels is placed over the stretch of road ; 270 yards are completed in a day.

The Federal Government of Western Germany is now pressing ahead with its plans for completing the great Autobahn network which was left unfinished or damaged because of the war. At thirteen points all over West Germany new concrete highways are being built, old unfinished stretches completed, and the ravages of Allied bombing made good.

One of the main construction projects is being undertaken just outside Hamburg, where a 93-mile stretch of Autobahn linking Hamburg and Hanover is being built. Along the roadway is the little village that has sprung up—small in depth but nearly 19 miles in length. Here, near Horst, stand the concrete-mixing machines, the loading devices, the garages and workshops, and the office huts ; while fleets of lorries move around with sand, cement, tar, and other building materials.

Machinery naturally plays an important part in the construction of these roads, and some of the most modern designs come from the United States. The building method in which they are employed is entirely different from that used in the early days of the Hitler regime, when Autobahns were first constructed.

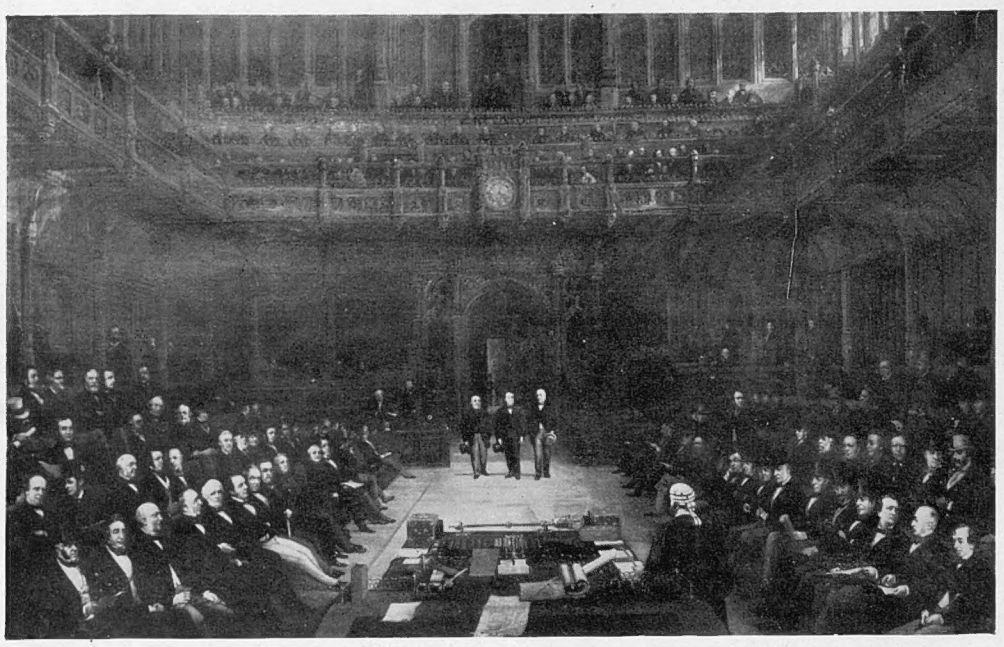
The whole method is based on the giant concrete-spreading machines, which do the work of hundreds of men each day. Moving along huge concrete "rails" they distribute the previously mixed cement evenly, over the specially prepared surface. Before the concrete is spread, the road base is built of sand, which is compressed by pneumatic hammers whose vibration is such that the ground shakes two miles away. The sand is covered with oiled paper, which isolates the surface layers from the base, and prevents rain from reaching and softening the subsoil. On top of the oiled paper wired nets are spread out to help bind the concrete when the final layer is applied.

The "rails" on both sides of the road along which the spreading machine moves are each 8 ft. wide. When the highway itself is finished, these "rails" form the concrete parking strips which are a feature of the Autobahns. After a day's cement spreading, a tent on wheels is put over that part of the road which was completed so as to protect the surface from the elements.

The cost of building a stretch of Autobahn varies between £250,000 and £300,000 per mile, which is roughly the same as the cost of a mile of motorway in Britain. Progress is comparatively slow, and no more than 270 yards are completed daily. The Federal Government is fortunate in being able to use a pool of labour for road construction which is not economically available in Britain. By devoting a considerable proportion of its expenditure to building these roads, the Federal Government hopes still further to encourage the growing industries of Western Germany.

AN ANGLO-JEWISH EXHIBITION

The History and Art of the Jewish Community in Britain is on Show in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London



THE FIRST JEWISH MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: Baron Lionel de Rothschild enters the House of Commons to take his seat in 1858. This painting is one of the 800 exhibits in the Exhibition of Anglo-Jewish Art and History (1656-1956), opened by Lord Samuel in London last week.

A Jewish community of bankers, financiers and tax-gatherers existed in Britain in the Middle Ages until 1290, when the Jews were expelled by King Edward I. It was not until after the Reformation that there was much evidence of a change of attitude in the English towards the Jews. Then the Puritans regarded them with a certain toleration, because they were the guardians of the original sacred language of the Old Testament. Cromwell also saw that considerable commercial and financial benefits could accrue to the country from the Jews of Spain and Portugal, who were fleeing from the persecutions there.

In 1655 the Lord Protector invited Rabbi Menasseh Ben Israel, of Amsterdam, to come to London. The Rabbi presented a petition signed by a group of merchants and asking for religious toleration. This request was granted, and in the following year an open Jewish community was brought into existence in Britain.

Although Jews still suffered from many disabilities—for instance, they could not sit in Parliament until 1858—the Anglo-Jewish community can this year look back on three centuries of life since its re-establishment. Last week one of the most eminent of Jewish leaders in Britain, Viscount Samuel, opened an exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, to mark this tercentenary.

A section is devoted to Medieval Jewry, but the bulk of exhibits deals with the development of the community from 1656. Documents of many kinds illustrate the struggle for emancipation from disabilities, and show how the Jewish Community has become established on a firm basis. Engravings, portraits, paintings and silver-plate are evidence of the contributions made by Jews to the cultural life of the country, and an important section demonstrates from Hebrew printing and books the great contribution made by Jewish scholars to biblical studies in Britain.

The Queen has lent a number of exhibits, as have many public bodies, such as the British Museum and numerous private individuals. The exhibition, which is open until February 29, has been organised by the Tercentenary Council, an independent body established by the Jewish Community to arrange for the commemoration of the anniversary. Its joint chairmen are Dr. A. Cohen and the Hon. Ewen Montagu, Q.C.

THE PROCESSION OF THE LAW: This painting of the Jewish ceremony is by Solomon Hart, R.A. The artist was the son of a Jewish goldsmith and became Librarian of the Royal Academy in 1881.

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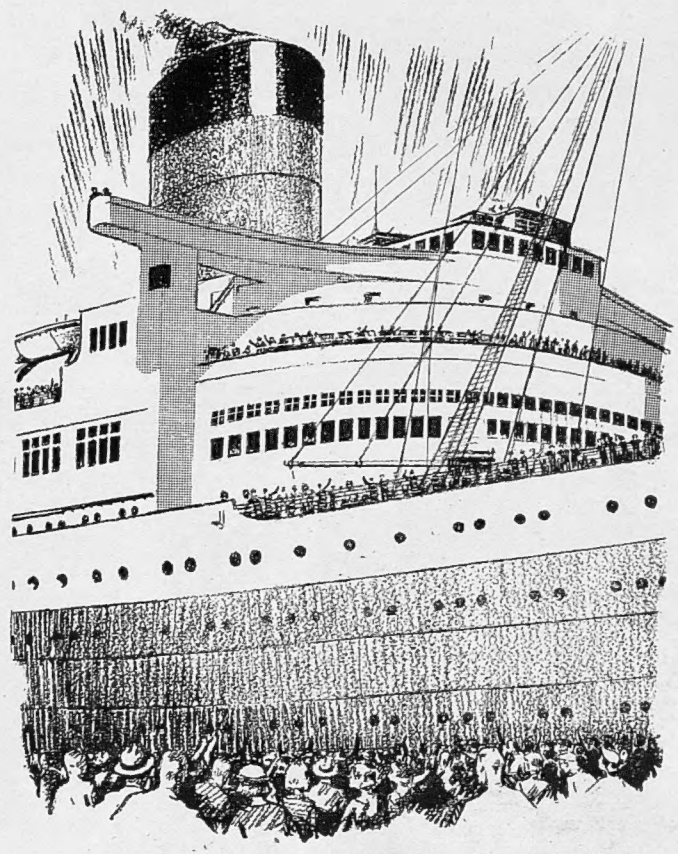

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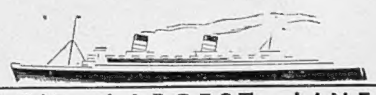

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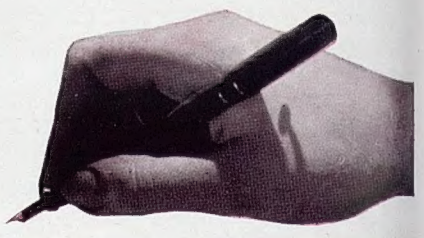

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